

TOURIST TRAP

by

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CHARLES BAND PRODUCTIONS

Registered WGAW

TOURIST TRAP

FADE IN:

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY - DAY | 1 |
| | A silver strip of highway slashes the landscape, disappearing in the b.g. over a rolling hillside. Heat vapor smothers the entire FRAME, causing the road to flinch like a whip. A black dot APPEARS at the top of the hill and begins to grow. | |
| 2 | EXT. SKY - DAY | 2 |
| | A vulture circles. He is hungry. | |
| 3 | EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY | 3 |
| | The dot grows larger, beginning to take form. | |
| 4 | EXT. SIGN - DAY | 4 |
| | It is abandoned, dry, rusted. The vulture perches near the top. | |
| 5 | EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY | 5 |
| | The dot grows into the form of a man. He is rolling an unidentified black object. | |
| 6 | EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - DAY | 6 |
| | It sits along the side of the highway, waiting for customers who never come. The vulture lands on the hood of a rusted Ford, cocking his head to catch a scent of anything nearly dead. | |
| 7 | EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY | 7 |
| | The man comes clearly INTO FOCUS. He is rolling a tire. Stopping in front of a sign on a wooden post, he sits on the tire, takes out a canteen, drinks the last of the water. He takes out a blue western bandana, wipes his forehead. | |

WOODY

Damn!

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

WOODY is a young man in his twenties. At this moment, he is hot, tired and still thirsty. He glances at the hand-painted sign which reads:

"GAS AND EATS AHEAD"
ICE WATER

He stuffs the bandana in his back pocket, heads on down the highway. The CAMERA PANS DOWN TO REVEAL a distorted doll.

8 EXT. WATER TANK - DAY

8

It is bone dry. The vulture lights on the rim.

9 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

9

WOODY rolls the tire along the center of the deserted old highway. He spots the gas station in the distance.

10 EXT. SIDE OF HIGHWAY - DAY

10

A number of signs are erected along the highway approaching the gas station. Most of them refer to, the various tourist products available at the station ahead.

11 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

11

WOODY gives the tire a final shove, letting it roll in a circle, then wobble to the ground near a gas pump. The station has some semblance of occupancy. There is an older model car up on a grease rack, miscellaneous tools, tires, batteries, a Coke machine, oil cans, etc. Nevertheless, it is strangely lifeless.

WOODY

Hello! Is anyone here?

WOODY looks at the sign in front of the pumps, which reads:

Regular	32¢
Ethel	35¢

12 INT. GAS STATION - GARAGE - DAY

12

He goes into the garage, looks around.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

WOODY

Hey! Can I get some service?

There is no answer. He looks around curiously. There is something wrong with the station but he can't figure out exactly what it is.

WOODY

(continuing)

Anybody here?

No response. He goes to the water fountain, pushes the button but no water comes out.

WOODY

(continuing)

Damn!

He crosses to the Coke machine. It is empty.

WOODY

(continuing)

What kind of place is this?

13 OMITTED

13

14 INT. GAS STATION - OFFICE - DAY
WOODY re-enters through side door.

14

WOODY

Hey!

He crosses to a door at the back, peeks in.

15 INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

15

The room is small, dark and contrasty, the only light coming from three small windows at the back and from light spilling in from the door.

WOODY

Hello, is anybody back here?

He steps in, looks around. The room is sparsely furnished. There is a table, two chairs, a large metal storage cabinet, and a bed at the back. There appears to be a figure under a blanket on the bed. As WOODY crosses the room, a gentle breeze blows through the windows, lifting the curtains, causing them to flap gently.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

WOODY
(continuing)
Excuse me.

No answer. The figure faces the wall, all but the head covered.

WOODY hesitates a moment, waiting for a response.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

WOODY
(continuing)
Hey, mister?

The figure suddenly lashes toward WOODY abruptly,
accompanied by an equally startling SOUND.

WOODY
(continuing)
Ahhhhhhgh!

WOODY jumps back, stares at the figure. It is a mannequin with a distorted face, a face that seems to register some unknown horror.

The wind erupts, causing the curtain to flap lively into the room.

The DOOR behind WOODY begins to CREAK, the room darkens. He turns just in time to see it slam shut. Marked confusion is set in WOODY's eyes. He crosses to the door, reaches for the handle.

WOODY
(continuing)
What's going on?

He turns the knob. The door is locked.

WOODY
(continuing)
Open the door!

He jiggles the doorknob. Panic glazes across his eyes. He frantically pushes on the door with his body.

WOODY
(continuing;
screaming)
Open the door!

Suddenly, the three WINDOWS explode with a burst of HOWLING WIND. Then, one by one, the three windows slam shut! "Telekinephony MUSIC" BEGINS. (This keys the telekinesis...) A low CHANTING BEGINS to filter into the room, seemingly from all directions. WOODY looks up at the ceiling, his eyes filled with terror.

He races to the first small window, yanks the curtain aside, tries to raise the window.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (1A)

15

It won't budge. He crosses to the second window, pulls back the curtain. Suddenly, from the outside, a mannequin catapults toward WOODY, its distorted face SMASHING through the GLASS! WOODY reels back in horror, terrified by the sudden and ghastly appearance. The mannequin's mouth is agape and a spine-chilling SCREAM bellows forth from the mannequin.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

The CHANTING GROWS ever LOUDER. It is almost like a death chorus, an auditory nightmare he can't wake up from, a nightmare he can't escape.

WOODY runs to a side door, turns the knob and flings it open. Like a giant Jack-in-the-box, another grotesque mannequin whips its body toward WOODY, knocking him in the head, a sick, tantalizing smile sketched across its face. LAUGHTER bellows from its mouth.

The mannequin at the window screams hysterically.

The Jack-in-the-box mannequin bobs up and down, adding to the ever-growing madness.

The windows open and close repeatedly, the WIND HOWLING.

In desperation, WOODY picks up a steel pipe, charges the door, repeatedly driving it through, smashing a hand-sized hole near the door handle. He throws the pipe backwards, it rolls across the floor until it comes to a stop against the wall. WOODY manages to stick his hand through the hole to unlock the door from the other side.

Suddenly, "something" grabs his arm, yanks it, pulling WOODY face-up against the door.

WOODY

(continuing)

Ahhhhhhhhgh!

He tries with all his strength to pull free from whatever it is that has hold of him. His face is red and drenched in sweat, partly due to the heat, partly due to the pure terror of the moment.

WOODY

(continuing)

Let go!

The tall metal storage cabinet across the room begins to shake, clattering as if in some unexplained protest. The two metal doors fling open and closed as if cheering the CHANTING VOICES on to a more frenzied peak. Inside the cabinet, the numerous contents begin to vibrate, exhibiting a life of their own, a life given to them by some mysterious force. The glass jars rattle, the tools clatter, the small boxes open and close. An Army dagger twitches, a pair of sheers shakes a sharp-pointed lead spike rolls impatiently.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

WOODY looks at the cabinet with renewed fear.

WOODY
(continuing;
sotto voce)
What's going on...

Suddenly, one of the Army daggers flies out of the cabinet, sails across the room like an arrow and sticks into the wooden door with a loud thud, just missing WOODY.

WOODY
(continuing)
Oh, my God!

He struggles for his very life! The CHANTING GROWS LOUDER AND LOUDER.

The mannequin at the window continues its horrible taunting, slowly bleeding from the forehead.

The Jack-in-the-box mannequin continues to bob, its laughter out of control.

The windows open and shut, slamming with an unnatural force.

A violent WIND BLOWS, shakes the room.

The metal cabinet vibrates more and more violently, as if it wants to let go of some penned-up evil, stopping and starting in shivering fits.

Several GLASS jars shoot out of the cabinet, flying across the room, SMASHING around WOODY. He holds out his free arm attempting to ward off the flying glass.

A MOAN bellows out from nowhere. WOODY jerks, frightened more than ever. A special panic sets in his face, a look that recognizes the sound as a call of death. It is as if WOODY is witnessing a ritual game of foreplay before the kill.

WOODY
(continuing)
Noooooooooo!

The lead pipe discarded by WOODY seems to take on an animated being of its own, a foreboding and ironic weapon of doom.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (4)

15

WOODY reaches a point of madness as an assortment of items burst out of the cabinet and fly at him. The room is a visual and AURAL nightmare, a barrage of madness. It builds and builds and builds, reaching the horizon of the surreal.

The lead pipe slowly turns, the sharp tip pointing directly at WOODY. He looks up from his struggles, sees the death spear.

There is a gut-wrenching SCREECH that penetrates the very air. The room shifts into a long SLOW MOTION final moment.

The pipe floats through the air, inching its way toward WOODY.

His face registers a SLOW MOTION horror, a forever moment of agony -- the long, endless moment before death.

The entire room breathes in SLOW MOTION: the mannequin at the window, the Jack-in-the-box mannequin in the closet, the cabinet, the wind, the lead pipe, the ever-tortured WOODY.

The moment of death is inevitable but forever in coming. A slow torture that burns its effect across the expressive eyes of its victim.

WOODY watches as the pipe slowly enters his back. The pain is clear in the change in his face. He slowly jerks his head upward, letting out a silent scream.

The CAMERA PANS IN SLOW MOTION from his face to the pipe which is imbedded deep into his back.

Blood trickles out the hole of the other end of the lead pipe. CAMERA PANS OVER TO window with wind gently blowing curtain into the room.

16 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

16

Absolute silence. The highway sits alone and isolated midst the vast desert landscape. A low unidentified HUM FADES IN. For a moment, the source of the sound is ominous and mysterious. Then, from over a hill, an old Willys army jeep appears, humming along the highway TOWARD the CAMERA.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

Inside are three college students. The driver is JERRY, in his late twenties, bold, bright and on his way to becoming a lawyer. Next to him is BECKY, a short, spry young beauty who wants nothing more in the world than to marry JERRY or somebody just like him. In the back seat is MOLLY, a shy, rather oddball character with messy hair. She is the kind of girl you just can't tell whether or not she is pretty.

BECKY

Are you sure this is the right road?

JERRY

Am I ever wrong?

BECKY

You were wrong that time we went to Sweetwater.

JERRY

Why?

BECKY

We weren't going to Sweetwater, ace.

MOLLY

Why did Woody want us to take this road anyway. The Interstate is faster.

JERRY

He said this was the 'scenic' route. Besides, that old clunker of his would never make it in highway traffic.

BECKY

What makes you think this old clunker will make it...

BEGIN RADIO SEGUE SOUND.

17 OMITTED

17

18 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

18

Deep blue and scattered with lumpy clouds.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (A)

18

A flapping white sheet is stretched out from passenger door of a junky 1966 Plymouth sitting by the side of the road. The sheet forms a tent-like awning, propped up by two crooked sticks.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

In the shade lies a leggy and sensuous blonde dressed only in a pair of painfully tight cut-offs and a sheer halter top. Her name is EILEEN and she is gorgeous.

The RADIO PLAYS softly under the hot breeze. The rear end of the Plymouth is jacked up, missing the left rear tire.

RADIO (V.O.)

The weather bureau logs the current Victoria County temperature at 98 degrees and climbing. The unexpected high may reach 100 and the low for this day in the lower 90's.

EILEEN props her head on a sleeping bag roll, fanning herself with a magazine. Her eyes are closed, her face lightly covered in sweat beads. MUSIC follows the weather report.

19 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

19

The jeep approaches the disabled Plymouth.

JERRY

Look! There they are.

BECKY

Looks like Woody's bomb did it again.

They pull off the road. The three hop out, walk to the car. They spot EILEEN laying on the ground.

MOLLY

Is she hurt?

EILEEN

(answering)

No, she's hot as a horny-toad and her pecker-faced boyfriend ran off with a tire!

(she stands up)

Next time we go on a trip, I'm riding in the jeep with you guys.

JERRY crosses to a tire leaning against the rear of the car. There is a large hole in it.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

JERRY

Look at the size of that hole!
What did you do, dodge a jack
rabbit and hit a boulder
instead?

EILEEN

Something like that...

BECKY

Didn't you have a spare?

EILEEN

Of course. Woody came prepared.
Only it didn't have any air. He
had to go find a gas station.

JERRY

He'll never find one on this
old road.

EILEEN

It serves him right.

BECKY

Poor thing. I bet his feet are
aching!

JERRY heads back to the jeep.

JERRY

Okay, troopers, hop in. Let's
see if we can catch him before
he gets into any more trouble.

20 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

20

The vulture has gone. The near-dead and newly dead
have vanished. The station is alone.

21 OMITTED

21

22 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

22

The jeep zips over the hill, rapidly approaching the
gas station. The jeep pulls into the station, parks
in the shade under the awning. For a moment all four
occupants of the jeep are silent, as if they sense
impending doom.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

JERRY

Hello!

No response. JERRY slides out of the jeep, walks around.

EILEEN

Hello! Is anybody here?

JERRY

That cinches it. This place is getting no more of my business!

MOLLY

Look at that!

BECKY

What?

MOLLY

The prices. Regular for thirty-two cents a gallon. When's the last time you bought gas at that price?

BECKY

Maybe there's a gas war on?

MOLLY

In the middle of nowhere?

JERRY looks inside the garage, sees nothing.

JERRY

Where is everybody?

EILEEN hops out.

EILEEN

Woody?

She crosses to the office, stops at the door. It is now closed as are the garage doors.

23 INT. OFFICE - DAY

23

It is as if the station attendant walked off the job ten years ago and no one has touched the place since. EILEEN steps in, cautiously looking about her.

EILEEN

Hello? Anybody here?

24 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

24 *

BECKY and MOLLY sit in silence, looking at each other.

BECKY

This place gives me the creeps.

MOLLY

Where's Jerry?

BECKY notices he is missing.

BECKY

Jerry!

No response.

BECKY

(continuing; louder)

Jerry!

Still no response. BECKY is suddenly very scared!

BECKY

(continuing;
screaming)

Jerry!

JERRY comes around the other side of the gas station.

JERRY

(low)

What?

25 INT. OFFICE - DAY

25

EILEEN is looking in the open cash register. There is no money inside. She picks up a copy of "Life" magazine with the picture of President Kennedy on the cover. Other magazines are similarly dated.

26 INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

26

The door is closed. JERRY slowly turns the knob, opens the door a crack. He peeks in, sees nothing, swings it wide open. The far wall is covered with dozens of prophylactic machines. JERRY looks around, puts a quarter in a slot, pulls out a "French Tickler Delight."

JERRY

Um-boy... hot time on the old town tonight...

27 INT. OFFICE - DAY

27

EILEEN crosses to the back room. The door is slightly ajar. She peeks into the dark room. A hand grabs her from behind! She sucks in a silent gasp.

EILEEN

Uhhhh!

The hand belongs to JERRY.

JERRY

(low)

Wait a minute.

She recovers, lets him pass. He slowly enters.

28 INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

28

Order has been restored. The windows are broken but the glass cleaned up. A gentle breeze blows through the open windows, the curtains flapping lightly. The bed is empty, the closet door closed. The storage cabinet is shut and securely latched.

JERRY crosses the room to the closet, starts to open it. Suddenly, the nearest window slams shut! EILEEN screams! JERRY crosses to the window, picks up a piece of wood on the sill that is used as a brace. He opens the window, places the brace back in its place.

JERRY

It was just the wind.

EILEEN

Can we get out of here?

JERRY

What's the matter?

EILEEN

I don't know. I just want to get out of here...

29 INT. OFFICE - DAY

29

EILEEN comes out of the back room, heads for the jeep. JERRY follows behind her, stops at the door. He finds a rather old antique doll with the eyes punched out.

30

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

30

JERRY walks to the jeep, tosses the doll to Molly.

MOLLY

What's this?

JERRY

Don't know. I found it in there.

MOLLY

How strange.

BECKY

Is there any more water left?

EILEEN picks up the thermos; it's empty.

EILEEN

No.

JERRY hops into the driver's seat.

EILEEN

(continuing; to
JERRY)

You think Woody's on up the road?

JERRY

Yeah. He must have hitched a ride.

MOLLY

He couldn't have...

EILEEN turns to MOLLY.

MOLLY

(continuing)

... No cars have passed us.

Silence. JERRY looks in the rearview mirror at MOLLY.

JERRY

Somebody coming off one of these
side roads could have picked him
up.

MOLLY looks dubious. Jerry starts up the jeep.

JERRY

(continuing)

What other explanation could
there be?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

MOLLY

You're right.

JERRY

I know it. I'm always right.

BECKY

Just like Sweetwater.

JERRY reacts.

JERRY starts up the jeep, whips onto the highway.

On top of the windmill, a lone vulture watches the young kids disappear in the distance. There is fresh blood still clinging to his ragged beak.

31 EXT. JEEP ON HIGHWAY - DAY

31

The sun beams down on the jeep like a mighty ball of fire, baking the youngsters mercilessly.

They pass a badly tattered billboard which partially reads:

SLAUSEN'S LOST OASIS
JUST AHEAD

JERRY points out the sign.

JERRY

Look! What do you bet we're hot
on Woody's trail?

Another faded sign is erected about 500' from the first sign.

COOL OFF IN SLAUSEN'S MAGICAL
MINERAL SPRINGS. THE ONLY
SPRING OF ITS KIND.
NEXT TURN-OFF

BECKY

That's the place to be for sure!
Maybe you can just drop us off
there for a while.

The jeep passes still another sign which says:

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

SLAUSEN MUSEUM; THE STRANGEST
MUSEUM IN THE WORLD. CREATURES
NEVER SEEN BEFORE.

EILEEN

These tourist traps are all alike.
They give a big build-up and when
you get there, it's nothing but a
roadside shack with a bunch of
cheap trinkets.

Last sign:

Just 1/2 MILE AHEAD
TURN HERE!

There is an arrow pointing to the right, indicating the
narrow dirt road. JERRY slows to a stop.

MOLLY

It doesn't look like much.

EILEEN

I told you. It's just a crummy
tourist trap.

BECKY

Look!

WOODY's spare tire is lying by the side of the road.

EILEEN

(continuing)

That's Woody's tire!

BECKY

That clinches it. He must have
gone this way.

JERRY

Okay, hang on to your pants,
here we go...

He guns the jeep, spins down the dirt road, disappear-
ing behind his own cloud of billowing dust. When the
cloud settles, a patiently waiting vulture appears
perched on a half-fallen sign which reads:

"CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC"

32 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

32

The jeep churns up dust, turning into a golden cloud in the afternoon light.

33 EXT. FORK IN ROAD - DAY

33

There is a dilapidated ticket booth in the fork of the road. On the right is a sign which reads: "SLAUSEN'S MAGICAL MINERAL SPRINGS." An arrow points to a cluster of trees in the distance. At the left is a sign which reads "SLAUSEN MUSEUM."

JERRY and BECKY hop out, cross to the dilapidated ticket booth. EILEEN coolly slips out of the jeep, stretches sensuously. MOLLY stays in the jeep, watching the others.

JERRY

So this is the Slausen resort...

BECKY

(sarcastic)

Business is slow...

CAMERA POV MOVING THROUGH the bushes, SPYING on the kids.

EILEEN

Maybe Woody didn't come this way, after all. It looks so abandoned.

JERRY crosses to the sign that reads SLAUSEN MUSEUM. He picks up the blue western bandana WOODY was wearing earlier. It has been casually draped over the arrow pointing to the museum as if meant to be a clue. JERRY holds the handkerchief with the tips of his fingers as if it were a dirty, oily rag.

JERRY

Yes he did... here's his rag.

EILEEN and the others cross to JERRY, examine the handkerchief.

EILEEN

That's his all right... he's the only man I know that wears a genuine imitation Roy Rogers bandana.

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

The CAMERA'S POV CONTINUES to be that of some mysterious force SPYING on the jeep and the kids.

EILEEN

Come on... let's go. Something tells me Woody is playing Sherlock Holmes and wants us to go that way...

She points. The group returns to the jeep. JERRY reaches into his pocket, struggles to get the keys. Once he manages to get them, he drops them to the floor. It seems to take forever to find them...

EILEEN

Come on, come on... let's go.

The CAMERA POV MOVES IN CLOSER AND CLOSER to the jeep. Suddenly, the TELEKINEPHONY BEGINS!

MOLLY senses something, looks out into the woods...

The MOVING CAMERA SEEMS TO MOVE ALONG the ground toward the jeep.

JERRY sticks the key into the ignition and turns. The motor struggles to kick over.

BECKY

What's the matter?

JERRY tries again. The engine continues to struggle.

The CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER AND CLOSER...

Just as the engine catches and revs with life, the right front headlight cracks (with the peak of the TELEKINEPHONY). At that moment, the engine cuts off -- point blank!

BECKY

What happened?

JERRY

I don't know...

He turns the ignition again. Nothing!

EILEEN

Ah, crap-ola-capola! Every car I put my tush in breaks down!

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

JERRY

I've never had any trouble with
this thing before...

EILEEN hops out of the jeep, and in frustration turns
toward the hill where the MINERAL SPRINGS are located.

EILEEN

(to Jerry)

Let me know when you get your
act together, sweetheart...

JERRY hops out, crosses to the front of the jeep, opens
the hood. BECKY and MOLLY join him.

MOLLY

What do you think it is, Jerry?

JERRY

I'm a law student -- what do I
know about cars...

34 EXT. PATH - DAY

34

EILEEN climbs a small hill, spots the SPRINGS.

35 HER POV - MINERAL SPRINGS - DAY

35

It is a magnificent natural formation sunk into the
ancient limestone, ringed by solemn trees, their
gnarled roots grasping the rocky swimming hole like
tentacles. At one end is a high, thin waterfall spray-
ing water over lush maidenhair fern. At the other end
is a small, lively brook.

35-1 EXT. MINERAL SPRINGS - DAY

35-1

EILEEN is overwhelmed by the beauty of the pool!

She turns, sticks two fingers in her mouth, gives a
butch whistle to the others.

EILEEN

Hey! Come take a look at this!

36 EXT. FORK IN ROAD - DAY

36

The kids look up.

BECKY

What is it?

37 EXT. HILL - DAY 37

EILEEN

Paradise!

38 EXT. FORK IN ROAD - DAY 38

BECKY turns, looks coyly at JERRY... a look he knows well...

JERRY

Okay, you guys go on... I'll mess with this...

BECKY and MOLLY turn and head for the hill...

BECKY

We'll be right back...

39 EXT. SPRINGS - DAY 39

EILEEN steps closer to the pond. BECKY and MOLLY come over the hill.

BECKY

(to Eileen)

And you thought it was a cheap tourist trap.

EILEEN

I don't know about you guys but I'm going for a swim.

She starts towards the water.

MOLLY

I don't think you should.

BECKY

Why not?

MOLLY

There's something eerie about this place. Besides, we're probably trespassing.

EILEEN

Come on, Molly -- relax for once.

MOLLY

We can't go swimming anyway.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

EILEEN

Why not?

MOLLY

We didn't bring swimming suits.

EILEEN turns to the pool, drops her halter top.

EILEEN

So -- who needs a bathing suit?

She takes off her cut-offs, plunges into the water.
MOLLY and BECKY exchange looks.

MOLLY

I'm not taking off my clothes.

EILEEN

Come on, it's terrific!

MOLLY shakes her head adamantly.

EILEEN

(continuing)

Nobody is going to see you!
Come on.

EILEEN splashes water on BECKY and MOLLY, who backs away.

MOLLY

Stop.

EILEEN

What are you scared of? There's
not a living soul for miles!

MOLLY and BECKY ease towards the water, begin undoing their blouses.

BECKY

How do you know? There could be
a whole platoon of peeping Toms
right behind those trees, for
all we know.

They take off their clothes. They slip into the water,
smiles appearing on their faces for the first time.

39-1 EXT. FORK IN ROAD - DAY

39-1

JERRY crosses from the hood to the driver's seat, hops
in.

(CONTINUED)

39-1 CONTINUED:

39-1

He turns the ignition. Nothing. He tries again. Still nothing. In frustration, he bangs the steering wheel... and the HORN sticks. JERRY sits there with a rather embarrassed expression on his face.

39-2 EXT. POOL, BY WATERFALLS - DAY

39-2

MOLLY swims past the waterfalls, the noise drowning out the blare of the horn. EILEEN and BECKY frolic under the waterfall.

MOLLY swims past them, heading to a secluded fern cove. She gently brushes the surface of the water in lonely reverie.

40 EXT. TREES BY POOL - DAY

40

CAMERA'S POV MOVING THROUGH THE BUSHES, spying on the girls in the pool. It STOPS.

41 EXT. POOL - BY FERNS - DAY

41

MOLLY reacts to the SOUND in the bushes. She looks up and towards the bank, listening, searching with careful eyes.

MOLLY

(low)

Who is it?

No response. She sinks lower into the water to hide herself, then starts to swim backwards, slowly, very slowly, keeping her eyes in the direction of the bank.

BECKY

What's the matter with you?

MOLLY

I heard something up there in the trees.

Both girls watch and listen.

BECKY

I don't hear anything.

MOLLY

Shhhh!

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

EILEEN
(calling out)
What's the matter?

BECKY
Molly thinks she hears something
up there.

She points to the trees.

MOLLY continues to survey the trees around the pool.

BECKY
(continuing)
You're starting to scare me.

There is ANOTHER RUSTLING SOUND.

BECKY
(continuing)
I'm beginning to think I hear
something out there --

42 EXT. TREES BY POOL - CAMERA'S POV MOVING - DAY 42
Still SPYING ON girls.

43 EXT. POOL - BY FERNS - DAY 43

MOLLY treads water to a big rock near the bank. BECKY follows right behind her. The SOUND of a TWIG SNAPPING rings out!

MOLLY
(whispering)
Did you hear that?

BECKY
Yes.

FOOTSTEPS are distinctly HEARD APPROACHING.

BECKY
(continuing)
Jerry?

No response. The FOOTSTEPS GROW NEARER.

BECKY
(continuing)
Jerry, is that you?

44 EXT. WATERFALL - DAY

44

On a rock high above the waterfall, a lone vulture swoops down and lands. He cocks his head hungrily, watching, waiting.

45 EXT. POOL - ON MOLLY - DAY

45

MOLLY suddenly senses something, her head cocks slightly. She looks to her side and sees the reflection of a giant shadow of a man. She turns and screams.

A man stands on the bank above MOLLY. He is dressed in overalls, wears a cowboy hat, and has a shotgun slung over his right arm. He possesses a strange, mystical quality in his face, yet seems rather kind and gentle at the same time. His name is SLAUSEN and he owns the place.

SLAUSEN

Howdy.

The girls remain silent, too scared to speak.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

You kids enjoying yourselves?

He has a smile on his face. His voice is friendly but there is a sinister moment in the air that prevents the youngsters from speaking.

SLAUSEN

(continuing;
to Becky)

How 'bout you, missy? You look to be having a good time.

BECKY

Yessir.

SLAUSEN sets the shotgun on its butt, squats down on his haunches.

SLAUSEN

Used to be I'd charge seventy-five cents a day to swim here.

He looks down at MOLLY. She crosses her arms over her breasts.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
Not no more, though.

He looks at each of the kids, staring at them oddly.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
Used to be I'd have twenty-five
or thirty visitors a day up here.
Then the government decided to
build that new highway.

He looks up at the sky, studies it a moment.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
It's gonna stay hot.

He looks back down at MOLLY.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
What's your name?

MOLLY
(low)
Molly.

SLAUSEN
Molly. I like that. I don't
get too many visitors no more.
Seems most folks use that new
highway. I guess they figure
it can get them to where they're
going faster. Everybody's in
such a damn hurry these days.
Do you know why that is, Molly?

MOLLY shakes her head.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
I don't either. But there's not
a place like this in the whole
world and all those people using
that slick new highway don't
even know it exists.

He looks down at MOLLY.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

What brings you kids to these parts?

BECKY

We didn't mean to trespass.
We were just looking for a
friend of ours.

SLAUSEN

A friend of yours?

BECKY points toward EILEEN.

BECKY

Their car broke down.

SLAUSEN

This friend of yours -- she a
girl too?

EILEEN

No. He's a he. His name is
Woody.

SLAUSEN

Well, can't help you. Ain't
seen no one in these parts for
weeks.

He looks up at the waterfall, sees the vulture. He
jumps to his feet, levels the SHOTGUN, and FIRES. He
misses; the bird flies off. The kids are petrified!

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

Damn no-good vultures! Always
stalking around. Sometimes I
think they're waiting for me to
die along with the rest of my
place.

He stands, looks around.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

I thought I better come down to
warn you...

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (3)

45

EILEEN

About what?

SLAUSEN

You all best leave before it
gets dark.

BECKY

Yessir! We'll be going shortly.

BECKY "attempts" to stand to show her earnest desire
to leave, then remembers her nudity, squats back down.

SLAUSEN smiles, turns to leave.

BECKY

What happens at night?

SLAUSEN

This here hole fills up with
water moccasins.

He turns, walks towards the trees.

SLAUSEN

(continuing; over
his shoulder)

If you feel something wiggling
at your feet, it's just the
early ones come to find a good
spot!

He disappears. Without wasting a second, the girls
scurry out of the water, fighting all sorts of
imaginary slippery water moccasins with their feet.

46 EXT. HILL - DAY

46

JERRY comes over the hill towards the girls and the
Springs...

JERRY

You guys all right? I thought
I heard a gunshot.

EILEEN

You did. Some old geezer ran us
off.

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

46

MOLLY

He didn't run us off...

BECKY

Well, he sure was a weird man...

MOLLY

I felt sorry for him...

They all start back for the jeep.

BECKY

Yeah? Well how do you know he
isn't a crazy old kook that likes
to chop up pretty girls by
moonlight?

EILEEN

Yeah, they always get the pretty
ones first...

JERRY

If that's the case, you girls
have nothing to worry about...

He smiles, looks at them for a reaction.

BECKY drops his hand, gives him the cold shoulder treatment.

BECKY

Very funny... garlic mouth.

JERRY shrugs his shoulder.

JERRY

There seems to be a definite
lack of humor here...

They come over the hill to look down at the fork in
the road...

47

EXT. FORK IN ROAD

47

SLAUSEN is in a rattly pickup truck, idling near the jeep.

The kids come slowly down the hill, eyeing SLAUSEN
carefully. SLAUSEN sits in the driver's seat. The
kids come to a stop in front of their jeep. SLAUSEN
takes a long look at JERRY. The silence is awkward.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

SLAUSEN
(pointing to jeep)
What seems to be the trouble,
sonny boy?

JERRY
(hesitantly)
I'm not sure... can't get her
started.

He crosses to the open hood of the jeep, looks at the engine.

JERRY
(continuing)
I'm not much of a mechanic.

There is another long moment of silence as SLAUSEN studies JERRY.

SLAUSEN
Well, maybe I can help you out.
Why don't you kids hop aboard.
We'll drop by the house for my
tools... see if I can't help
you out...

The kids remain silent, hesitant.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
It's just down the road a piece.

MOLLY takes the initiative and crosses toward the truck.

MOLLY
We really appreciate this...

SLAUSEN
My pleasure, Molly. My pleasure.

MOLLY hops into the cab with SLAUSEN while the others climb up in back...

EILEEN
How do you like that? Molly said
three words the whole day and
then this old farmer comes along
and she starts yapping like a
housewife!

The truck takes off, disappears down the road.

48 EXT. MUSEUM - DAY

48

The truck churns up the dust, comes to a stop in front of the SLAUSEN MUSEUM. It is nothing less than a ghost town...

SLAUSEN

Welcome to the Slausen Museum,
now gone out of business!
Come on in and I'll treat you
all to an ice-cold beer.

49 INT. SLAUSEN MUSEUM - SUNSET

49

CAMERA PICKS UP SLAUSEN's boots in CLOSEUP, FOLLOWS them into Museum TO REVEAL a virtual menagerie of tourist paraphernalia. Prominent figures dressed in historical outfits. There are trays of postcards, boxes of toy drums and hatchets and Bowie knives and Indian feathers and miscellaneous articles. A functioning Coke machine sits by the fireplace. JERRY, BECKY, MOLLY and EILEEN are awed by this strange collection. The room is literally filled like a cramped pawn shop.

SLAUSEN

(with amusement)

I decorated it myself.

BECKY

Where did you get all this junk --

She catches herself.

SLAUSEN

It's junk, all right. I'm a
collector at heart.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

SLAUSEN (CONT'D)

I just can't bring myself to
throw anything away.

(solemnly)

My wife passed away just after
they finished the highway -- all
I got left is this junk and my
memories.

Silence. SLAUSEN crosses to the Coke machine, gives
it a strong crank.

SLAUSEN

(continuing;
with cheer)

Now -- who wants the first one?

A bottle of beer drops out of the Coke machine. The
girls line up and SLAUSEN distributes the beers.
MOLLY steps up, takes her bottle, looks directly at
SLAUSEN.

MOLLY

It's a shame you had to close
this place down. I'm really
sorry.

SLAUSEN

(touched)

Thank you, Molly. But what the
heck, this ain't the worst thing
that happened to me. There's
been worse.

He is momentarily saddened. MOLLY watches him,
waiting, she seems to care. EILEEN begins to wander
about the museum.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

Hell, I was kicked out of the
Navy when I was nineteen, thrown
in jail when I was twenty and
got kicked in the head when I
was twenty-one. And those were
just to warm me up for what life
had in store for me! Nossir!
It's been a lot worse.

There is a moment of silence.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED: (2)

49

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

You get to be my age and you
start to understand what living's
about.

(cheery)

Ahhh! Nothing beats an ice-cold
beer! Nothing!

MOLLY watches SLAUSEN. BECKY stays close to JERRY.
EILEEN wanders over to a small group of mannequins
in the corner. They are strangely lifelike, not at
all like the other wax-figure characters.

EILEEN

These are so lifelike!

SLAUSEN

Yeah! My brother got pretty
good at making those figures.

EILEEN

Your brother made these? They're
incredible!

SLAUSEN crosses to one of the mannequin figures dressed
in a Confederate officer uniform.

SLAUSEN

He got so good they hired him
away from me -- folks out in the
city did. He's out there still
making dummies for one of them
wax museums.

He reaches behind the mannequin's neck, puts his finger
on a metal switch.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

Watch this...

He flips the switch. The Rebel mannequin begins
"whirring." Like a mechanical robot, the mannequin
rotates its head to face the girls. Suddenly, he
levels his rifle, and a RECORDING BLARES OUT.

CONFEDERATE OFFICER MANNEQUIN

Shoot a Yankee and send him to
hell!

The GUN EXPLODES, sending a puff of smoke into the
air.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (3)

49

The girls scream. SLAUSEN laughs.

SLAUSEN

Pretty good, huh? Used to scare the hell out of kids and Yankee tourists.

MOLLY smiles, studies SLAUSEN with a bemused affection.

JERRY

That's quite a gimmick. How do you do it?

SLAUSEN

My brother did it. He was good with mechanical things, too -- gears and motors and pulleys -- all that kind of stuff. He was a real talent.

EILEEN is looking out the back window.

EILEEN

Is that where you live?

She points out the window.

50 EILEEN'S POV - HOUSE IN BACK

50

There is a large, two-story house in back of the museum. A porch light is on even though it's only sunset.

51 BACK TO SCENE

51

SLAUSEN stands up casually, crosses to the window, peers out.

SLAUSEN

Nope. I live right here in the museum.

EILEEN

(curious)

Who lives over there?

SLAUSEN draws the shade over the window.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

SLAUSEN
Aw, nobody really.

He turns, walks away from EILEEN.

SLAUSEN
(continuing; his
back to EILEEN)
Just Davy.

He winks at MOLLY. EILEEN peeks around the shade,
looks at the house again.

EILEEN
Who's Davy?

SLAUSEN
Why -- Davy Crockett, who else?

He walks up to a figure of General Custer.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
He and Custer here couldn't
get along so I had to
separate 'em.

He turns, smiles strangely at MOLLY.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
You girls mind guarding the
place while me and Jerry fix
up his jeep?

BECKY
(concerned)
Guard it from what?

SLAUSEN
(with amusement)
Souvenir hunters.

He grabs his box of tools, heads for the door.

EILEEN
Mr. Slausen!

He turns to her, smiles.

SLAUSEN
Yes?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

EILEEN

Can I use your phone?

SLAUSEN

Sure -- help yourself --

He points to the phone hanging on the wall.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

-- but it doesn't work.

EILEEN registers a disappointment that requests an explanation.

SLAUSEN

(continuing; shrugs)

I got nobody to call.

SLAUSEN exits, then sticks his head back in the door.

SLAUSEN

(continuing;

to EILEEN)

If you're thinking of wandering around outside, I wouldn't if I were you.

EILEEN

Why not?

SLAUSEN

(smiling)

I just wouldn't. It's not safe at night.

(pause)

We got trouble with coyotes...

Be back directly.

He turns and disappears.

JERRY

(with amusement)

Keep an eye out for those souvenir hunters.

He exits. EILEEN comes to the center of the room, examines a stuffed coyote.

EILEEN

There's something funny about that man.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

51

MOLLY

He's lonely. He prefers to live
in his past, that's all.

EILEEN

There's something funny about
that house, too.

She crosses to the back window, raises the shade.

BECKY

Whatever it is, I don't want to
know about it.

EILEEN

I do.

MOLLY

I don't think Mr. Slausen wants
you fooling around out there.

EILEEN

He's hiding something. Why else
would he warn us to stay away?

BECKY

Who cares? What business is it
of ours?

EILEEN

Aren't you curious?

BECKY

No.

EILEEN

Well, I am. I'm going to look
around. Besides, 'Davy' may
have a phone that works.

MOLLY

Don't go, Eileen.

EILEEN

Thanks for the concern but I
think I can handle myself...

She crosses to the door, turns back to the others.

EILEEN

(continuing)

But just in case... If I'm not
back in ten minutes -- form a
posse!

52 OMITTED
&
53

52
&
53

54 EXT. PATH - DAVY'S HOUSE - SUNSET

54

EILEEN carefully makes her way toward "Davy's" house.

55 EXT. "DAVY'S" HOUSE - SUNSET

55

There is a RADIO PLAYING inside. A light comes on in an upstairs room. EILEEN steps up the front steps, listens at the door. She knocks. The RADIO is turned OFF. EILEEN knocks again.

A WOMAN'S VOICE

Come in.

EILEEN is startled.

EILEEN

Hello?

No response. EILEEN opens the screen, knocks lightly on the door.

EILEEN

(continuing)

Is anybody here?

She opens the door just a crack, peeks her head in. The RADIO PLAYS again. A light is turned on from a first floor room, the light peeking out from under the door.

56 INT. "DAVY'S" HOUSE - SUNSET

56

EILEEN steps in.

EILEEN

(softly)

Hello?

She creeps towards the light, stops, listens. The RADIO is more DISTINCT. Without knocking, EILEEN opens the sitting room door.

57 INT. FAMILY ROOM - SUNSET

57

There is a rocking chair moving back and forth in front of the window, but there is no one in it. The creaking from the CHAIR is constant and eerie.

EILEEN

Hello?

The room is a setting right out of a time capsule. A sort, warm fire glows from the fireplace. Seated in two easy chairs are a man and a woman. The man holds a newspaper, smokes a pipe. The woman holds a pair of knitting needles to a scarf she is making.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

Despite the fact that the man's pipe is actually smoking and the couple look extraordinarily lifelike, there is absolutely no movement. EILEEN slowly crosses to the two figures. She can't believe they are mannequins. She reaches out, touches the woman, then quickly jerks it back as if she were touching poison.

EILEEN

(continuing)

My God!

WOODY (O.S.)

Eileen! Help me.

EILEEN jerks!

EILEEN

Woody? Is that you?

The VOICE comes from another room.

EILEEN

(continuing)

Woody?

WOODY (O.S.)

Eileen, please!

EILEEN hurriedly crosses the room, stands just outside another door.

WOODY (O.S.)

(continuing)

Help.

She reaches for the doorknob, struggles with it before succeeding in opening it.

58 INT. PARLOR - SUNSET

58

It is cluttered with mannequins lined up against the wall. EILEEN steps into the room, looks around.

EILEEN

Woody?

As she moves, the eyes of one of the mannequins follow her. She senses this, stops. A well-dressed gentleman dummy seems to be looking right at her. She moves to the other side of the room. The Dummy's eyes have moved and he is still looking at EILEEN!

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

EILEEN
(continuing)

No.

She quickly crosses the room to the other side, keeping her eyes glued to the mannequin. His eyes do not move. He is now looking away from her. She is relieved, bows her head, chuckles. The curtain blows gently into the room.

She crosses the bare-floored room to a table with a doll with punched-out eyes. There is a mirror on the wall just above the table. As she is about to pick up the phone, a movement in the mirror catches her eye. As she is looking into the mirror, she can see the mannequins in the b.g. through the reflection. There is another movement -- as if someone is creeping up on her from behind.

Before she can scream, the entire MIRROR SHATTERS with a jarring effect. She screams, turns around. There is no one there!

As she looks around the room, all the mannequins are looking at her, watching her! She turns to run out of the room when she sees, standing in the doorway, the silhouette of a FIGURE. Just from the outline of the hair, the FIGURE looks like WOODY.

EILEEN
(continuing; with
recognition)

Woody!

She starts to step toward him when he steps into the light. The FIGURE is wearing a mannequin mask that is an exact copy of WOODY's face, only horribly distorted.

EILEEN
(continuing)

Oh, no!

She backs up, falls against a group of mannequins. A horrible CHANTING, faint and subliminal, FADES UP as if coming from the close-mouthed mannequins. It is as if they are cheering this "CREATURE" on.

CHANTING
Killherkillherkillherkillherkillher.

EILEEN
(pleading)
Noooooooo!

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

She frantically climbs over the mannequin toward the windows. The CREATURE "squints" his eyes and the "Telekinephony" MUSIC" BEGINS. (This accompanies/keys the telekinetic prowess of the CREATURE -- and his presence.)

Just as EILEEN reaches the windows, they slam shut in rapid order. The latches slide closed with equal speed.

The CREATURE opens his eyes wider, concentrating his telekinetic power.

EILEEN is trapped. She turns to face the CREATURE. He glances around the room, stopping on a chair hidden in a dark corner.

The "TELEKINEPHONY" BEGINS AGAIN. Suddenly, the chair shoots across the floor, hitting EILEEN's knees from behind, causing her to fall backwards, sitting upright in the chair.

EILEEN

(continuing)

What are you doing?

She is panic-stricken, terror glazed across her eyes. The CREATURE slowly walks toward EILEEN. She is frozen with fear!

EILEEN

(continuing)

What do you want?

The CREATURE passes by one of the mannequins, removes a beautiful red silk scarf. He approaches EILEEN, holding the scarf in both hands. EILEEN begins to scream uncontrollably.

The CREATURE arrives just a foot away from EILEEN. He gently, but tauntingly, places the scarf around her neck, ties it once, letting it loosely hang.

Much to EILEEN's surprise, the CREATURE turns and takes his place among the mannequins lining the wall. He opens his eyes widely, concentrates.

He opens his eyes, looks at her, then closes them again. She is about to get up when the scarf suddenly tightens around her throat, violently strangling her. With a life of its own, each end of the red scarf shoots out into the air in opposite directions, effectively tightening around EILEEN's neck.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (3)

58

She struggles vainly to remove the gentle-soft death-weapon. Her face turns a puffy red, her eyes blood-shot, terror-filled.

Suddenly, the scarf stops, loosens allowing her to breathe. She looks up and it seems as if the mannequins about the room have moved closer and closer to EILEEN.

Just as EILEEN has momentarily recovered from the teasing scarf, it renews its attack. EILEEN is once again strangled...

The CREATURE concentrates, eyes tight, the "TELEKINE-PHONY" reaching a peak with the now CHANTING mannequins.

They move closer and closer to EILEEN with each CUT. It is as if they are curious spectators in this slow game of death.

As if in the hands of an invisible phantom, the scarf pulls tighter and tighter. In her struggle, EILEEN knocks the chair over backwards, falling to the floor.

Finally, she collapses, her head bouncing on the hard floor, her eyes open and in a dead stare. The mannequins surround her, seemingly peering down along with the CREATURE.

The "TELEKINEPHONY" ENDS. The CREATURE opens his eyes, gazes at the corpse. The CHANTING CEASES.

The CREATURE crosses to the window, opens it. He walks away leaving the gentle breeze to blow the soft chiffon curtain into the death room.

59 INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

59

BECKY looks out the back window, trying to see into the black darkness.

BECKY

She should have been back by now.

MOLLY is playing with a series of switches which turn on an elaborate collection of neon advertisements.

MOLLY

I warned her. She probably got lost in the dark.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

BECKY

There's a light on -- maybe we
should go see what's keeping her.

MOLLY

I'm not moving.

BECKY

I'll wait five more minutes,
then we'll go after her.

MOLLY

You'll go after her. I'm staying
put.

A bright neon light flickers up in the corner, illuminating an attractive female mannequin in a flowing white gown. MOLLY crosses the room.

MOLLY

(continuing)

Look at this.

The neon light is designed to form a shrine-like image around the mannequin. BECKY joins MOLLY.

BECKY

This is weird!

MOLLY

Look at her features. Aren't
they -- strange? She almost
looks like she could move.

The mannequin looks more like a cast of a real person than a sculptured mannequin.

MOLLY reaches out, feels the mannequin's cheeks, then jerks her hand away.

BECKY

What's wrong?

MOLLY

It feels like flesh!

BECKY also touches the mannequin.

BECKY

Uuuuu! You're right. It must
be some special kind of rubber.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2)

59

MOLLY steps away from the mannequin, slowly easing backwards as if trying to get away. Her eyes, though, are glued to the mannequin. BECKY notices the fear registered on MOLLY's face.

BECKY
(continuing)
It's just a mannequin.

MOLLY returns to the bank of switches, turns off the neon light.

MOLLY
I don't want to look at it anymore.
It scares me.

60 EXT. OUTSIDE MUSEUM - NIGHT

60

There is the shadow of a figure creeping up to the window just outside the museum. The figure looks through the window at the girls inside.

61 INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

61

BECKY is crossing the room to the bank of switches when she hears a CREAK outside. She stops, looks at MOLLY.

BECKY
Did you hear that?

MOLLY
Uh-huh.

BECKY slowly crosses to the window, looking to MOLLY occasionally for comfort. On reaching the window, she places her eyes to the glass, cups her hands around her eyes to shield away the inside light.

MOLLY
(continuing)
See anything?

BECKY
No.

Suddenly, a pair of eyes and a face flattens up against the window with a THUD! BECKY screams and jerks back.

The window suddenly opens and SLAUSEN sticks his head in.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

SLAUSEN
(amused)
Scared you, did I?

BECKY plops down in a chair, her hands still to her mouth. MOLLY is smiling. SLAUSEN pulls his head back out, disappears a moment.

MOLLY
(laughing)
You ought to see your face. It's white as a sheet.

SLAUSEN enters from the back door.

BECKY
You scared the daylights out of me.

MOLLY
We didn't hear your truck.

SLAUSEN
That's 'cause Jerry took it to town. I walked up. Hell, we couldn't fix that jeep of his.

SLAUSEN carries a bottle of beer, plops down in his easy chair.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
He's a nice boy, that Jerry -- got a real head on his shoulders.
(to Becky)
You two been married long?

BECKY and MOLLY exchange looks.

BECKY
Uh -- a while.

SLAUSEN takes a long drink, then looks at BECKY rather fatherly.

SLAUSEN
You be good to him, you hear?
It's real important a wife takes good care of her husband... You know what I'm saying?

BECKY
Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

SLAUSEN

(friendly)

My wife was the best thing that ever happened to me. What a charmer she was. She could talk the birds down right out of the trees. But a worker, too. A real hard worker. A man can't ask for too much more than that. She could make a pot of chili that would make your mouth water just thinking about it.

SLAUSEN stares blankly a moment, then looks around the room.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

We were going to make this place into a real fancy resort one day. She wanted to build a real nice hotel down by the spring.

(sadly)

She died so young. It was cancer that killed her. Died right in my arms.

Tears well up in his eyes. MOLLY is genuinely moved.

MOLLY

I'm sorry.

SLAUSEN

(almost crying)

It should have been me. She was such a good woman!

He covers his face with his hand, wipes his eyes.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

I'm sorry. I get carried away sometimes.

He stands up, finishes his beer, looks around.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

Where's that other girl?

BECKY looks at MOLLY.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (3)

61

BECKY

She went outside.

SLAUSEN

I thought I told her not to?

MOLLY

She said she wanted to cool off.

SLAUSEN

I bet she's snooping around back.

SLAUSEN crosses to the back door.

BECKY

Can we come along?

SLAUSEN

(irritated)

No!

(softer)

I'd rather you stay here. I'll
be back directly.

He exits. The girls look at each other in silence.

62 EXT. PATH TO "DAVY'S" HOUSE - NIGHT

62

SLAUSEN takes a shortcut through the bushes on a hidden
but well worn path.

63 EXT. "DAVY'S" HOUSE - NIGHT

63

He goes to the back door, takes out a set of keys, un-
locks a heavy padlock.

64 INT. "DAVY'S" HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

64

SLAUSEN moves through the dark room, into the hallway.

65 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

65

He opens several doors as he passes through the hall-
way, looks in, flips on the light, searches, then
continues on his way.

SLAUSEN

Davy, where are you?

66 INT. PARLOR - DAVY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

66

As with the other rooms, he sticks his head in, flips on the light, looks in. The room is stark and completely empty except for a single chair facing the window. There is a female figure sitting in the chair. From behind, it looks exactly like EILEEN. SLAUSEN slowly crosses to the figure, moves around to face it.

SLAUSEN

Oh, my God!

67 SLAUSEN'S POV

67

The figure is an exact mannequin copy of EILEEN. The face is partially bashed in, the expression tortured! The RED SCARF hangs tightly around the neck...

68 INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

68

BECKY stands at the back door. MOLLY is leafing through an old photograph scrapbook. BECKY turns, crosses the room.

BECKY

What are you looking at?

MOLLY

Mr. Slausen's photo album.

BECKY crosses the room, looks over MOLLY's shoulder.

69 THEIR POV OF PHOTO

69

with SLAUSEN and another man standing in front of the museum.

70 INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

70

MOLLY

That must be his brother.

MOLLY turns the page.

BECKY

You're a regular little snoop, Molly.

MOLLY

It was on the coffee table.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

MOLLY turns the page. BECKY moves away, returns to the window.

BECKY

He might not be too happy if he came back and found you checking through his pictures.

MOLLY

Becky!

BECKY

What?

MOLLY

Look at this!

BECKY hurries over, looks at the picture.

71 THEIR POV OF PHOTO

71

with SLAUSEN and a woman arm-in-arm.

72 INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

72

BECKY

It's probably his wife. So what?

MOLLY

Don't you see?

BECKY

See what?

MOLLY

She looks just like that mannequin.

MOLLY points to the mannequin under the neon light.

BECKY

You're right! How weird!

The CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY, creating the SUBJECTIVE VIEW of some mysterious force watching the two girls. Their conversation is continued but the words are INAUDIBLE.

73 OMITTED

73

74

INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

74

The two girls go to the neon switch, flip it on, then cross over to the enshrined mannequin. MOLLY holds the scrapbook up to compare the picture.

BECKY

Why do you suppose he would have
a mannequin of his wife?

MOLLY

I don't know. Maybe it's just
his way of remembering her.

SLAUSEN (O.S.)

I loved her very much.

The girls turn. SLAUSEN steps from the darkness into the light. He looks affectionately at the enshrined mannequin.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

I wanted to keep her memory alive
forever. This was the best way I
knew how.

(he turns to the
girls)

That's the whole purpose of wax
museums, you know. To keep the
memory of the past alive.

He walks up to the mannequin, places his hand on its
cheek.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

It's easier for me this way --

MOLLY

She was very beautiful.

SLAUSEN

She still is --

SLAUSEN turns, shuts off the light.

BECKY

Where's Eileen?

SLAUSEN

I didn't find her.

The girls react, looking suddenly helpless.

(CONTINUED)

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

She must have gone back down to the jeep.

BECKY

By herself? Without telling us?

SLAUSEN

(irritated)

Where else could she be?

SLAUSEN goes to his gun rack, takes down a shotgun.

MOLLY

What are you doing?

SLAUSEN

I'm going to find her.

BECKY

With a gun?

SLAUSEN

Like I told you kids before -- it's not safe at night in these parts.

He crosses to the front door.

BECKY

(calling out)

Mr. Slausen.

He turns.

BECKY

(continuing)

Can we go with you -- please?

SLAUSEN

(soft)

Best you ladies stay put right here.

He exits. The girls exchange looks.

BECKY

Stay put, my ass!

She crosses to the front window.

75 EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

75

A solitary flashlight jiggles as SLAUSEN disappears in the direction of the mineral Springs.

76 INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

76

BECKY moves away from the window, starts going through drawers.

MOLLY

What are you looking for?

BECKY

A flashlight. Somebody has to find Eileen and I don't think it's going to be Mr. Slausen.

BECKY looks in a closet, comes out with a flashlight.

BECKY

(continuing)

And I don't think she went to the jeep.

MOLLY

You're going to that house, aren't you?

BECKY

If it was me out there -- I'd want somebody to come looking.

BECKY stops short, looks toward MOLLY.

MOLLY

I'm staying here.

BECKY

Figures.

She crosses to the back door.

MOLLY

(calling out)

Don't go!

BECKY

I have to.

MOLLY

No, you don't. You can stay here and wait for Jerry.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

BECKY

It may be too late then.

She reaches the door.

MOLLY

All right! I'll go with you.
But I think we're making a
mistake.

77 EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

77

Someone is watching them, breathless and unmoving.

78 EXT. WOODS NEAR "DAVY'S" HOUSE - NIGHT

78

In the distance, a flashlight jiggles. The voices of
the two girls are crisp and sharp in the night air. As
they arrive at a fence surrounding the house, they grow
instantly quiet.

BECKY

Shhhhh!

79 EXT. "DAVY'S" HOUSE - NIGHT

79

There is a single light on in an upstairs bedroom. The
girls open the gate, step into the front yard of the
house. There is a faint burst of FEMALE LAUGHTER from
inside the house.

BECKY

Did you hear that?

MOLLY nods. The LAUGHTER is repeated. A grin comes to
BECKY's face.

BECKY

(continuing)

That is Eileen's laugh and I'll
bet you ten bucks I can tell you
who she is with.

MOLLY

Woody?

BECKY

Woody or some lucky farm boy.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

MOLLY

It has to be Woody.

BECKY

They sure do have their nerve --
fooling around in somebody else's
house. We ought to go up and
scare the hell out of them.

MOLLY

No, let them alone.

BECKY

It'll serve them right.

MOLLY

I've had all the excitement I can
take for one day. I'm going back.

BECKY

Chicken.

MOLLY

That's right, now let's go.

BECKY

I'm going in.

MOLLY

Then you're going alone because
I'm going back.

MOLLY turns back for the museum. BECKY heads for the
house. MOLLY stops, turns back to BECKY.

MOLLY

(continuing)

Becky, come on, you've got no
business in there!

BECKY

Shhhhh!

MOLLY turns again, heads for the museum.

MOLLY

(over her shoulder)

All right, but they're going to
kill you for this.

BECKY

Shhhhh!

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

79

MOLLY disappears into the brush. BECKY arrives at the house, climbs a wooden trestle to a small window. She reaches up, grabs the window sill, pulls herself up, slips into the window, her legs sticking out. With a great deal of effort, she manages to fall into the house.

80 INT. "DAVY'S" HOUSE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

80

BECKY lands on the floor at the stairwell. She takes the flashlight out of her back pocket, heads up the stairs. There is a CREAK with each of her steps. She reaches the top, explores ahead with her light.

Another burst of LAUGHTER, this time much LOUDER, comes from the far end of the hall. It is EILEEN's laugh, a flirting giggle. Light leaks from under the bedroom door.

As BECKY steps into the hall, the FLOOR CREAKS. The LAUGHTER CEASES; the light in the room goes out.

BECKY

Eileen?

No response. The GIGGLE is REPEATED. BECKY smiles, walks more easily to the bedroom door where she stops, listens. She places the flashlight right under her chin pointing upwards, creating a monster-like effect. She begins moaning low and huskily, opens the door and enters.

BECKY

Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu!

81 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

81

BECKY

Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu!

To her surprise, there is no response. She pans the flashlight across the room. It is lined with mannequins. The light flashes across the CREATURE who stands stiff and straight against the wall with the others.

BECKY

(continuing)

Eileen? Woody? I know you're in here.

(CONTINUED)

81

CONTINUED:

81

The flashlight stops on the bed. There is a figure under a sheet.

BECKY
(continuing)
Come on, Eileen.

She crosses to the bed, yanks the sheet off.

Frozen in a fornicating position is a nude female mannequin, knees raised and spread, arms rigid in a clasping attitude, the face and features grotesquely suspended in a moment of passion.

BECKY
(continuing;
repulsed)
Jeeesus!

She scans the flashlight around the room.

BECKY
(continuing)
Come on, you two. Enough's
enough. You're starting to
scare me.

She walks past the CREATURE, stopping just inches from him. His eyes watch her carefully, his body unmoving. There is a growing timbre of fear in her voice.

BECKY
(continuing)
Please...

She takes another step forward, then stops.

The CREATURE continues to watch her as she starts to come back. She takes a half-step, then changes her mind again and continues on her way away from the CREATURE.

The CREATURE widens his eyes, concentrates. The "TELEKINEPHONY" BEGINS.

A strange, hollow MUSIC comes from outside the room. Slowly, she walks toward the door, peeks out.

82

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

82

BECKY
What's going on, you guys?

(CONTINUED)

82

CONTINUED:

82

She walks through the hall, following the MUSIC.

EILEEN (O.S.)

(faint)

Becky! Up here, we're up here.

BECKY

Eileen?

The VOICE is low and distant. There is a light coming from the attic at the end of the hall. BECKY edges along the hall, begins climbing the attic ladder. The MUSIC is LOUDER.

EILEEN

In the attic, Becky. We're up here.

BECKY

I'm coming!

She climbs up, opens the trap-door, sticking her head into the attic.

83

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

83

It is a mannequin graveyard, filled with dummies dressed and undressed, whole, dismembered, and battered. Some are ordinary, others grotesque. All are stiff and lifeless.

At the far end of the attic, a candle burns on a table, giving off the only light. Seated at the table are two figures. BECKY climbs into the room, crosses toward the light.

BECKY

Eileen, is that you?

The figure swings around. As it comes to a stop, a grotesquely deformed rendition of EILEEN faces BECKY, the mouth drops like a wooden puppet. A deathly MOAN BELLOWS FORTH!

BECKY turns in terror, runs back to the attic entrance. Just at that moment, the CREATURE lunges at her from nowhere, knocking her to the ground.

BECKY pulls away, flees. The CREATURE, wearing a sad mask with a silly grin, doesn't move.

(CONTINUED)

83

CONTINUED:

83

BECKY pulls and tugs at the trap-door but finds it locked. The CREATURE starts for her.

There is a door to the side of the attic.

In desperation, BECKY races for it. The CREATURE widens his eyes. The bolt on the door slides shut.

BECKY
(continuing)
Noooooooooooo!

She frantically attempts to slide the latch open. Just before the CREATURE reaches her, she succeeds and yanks the door open.

Like a phantasmagorical human stampede, a dozen maimed mannequins LUNGE at BECKY from the other side of the door. A menagerie of distorted VOICES accompany the mob.

BECKY falls backwards, smothered by falling mannequins. She is momentarily stunned. The CREATURE walks over, kneels in front of her, gently caresses her face.

Without being seen, BECKY slowly reaches for a shattered mannequin leg, picks it up in one hand and strikes the CREATURE over the head.

He falls to the floor, dazed. BECKY manages to stand, starts to run. The CREATURE concentrates his telekinetic powers to topple a mannequin in front of her, causing her to fall to the floor. The "TELEKINEPHONY" BUILDS as the CREATURE widens his eyes, concentrating more deeply.

BECKY looks up to see the mannequins around her seemingly coming closer and closer with each CUT. One by one, they begin toppling on top of her as she tries to crawl to freedom. They advance toward BECKY and like a rabble, they begin to beat and smash her to unconsciousness.

A CHANTING BEGINS, low and insidious. It seems to come from the multitude of mannequins that have grown in number. It is as if they are alive, standing over BECKY like centurions of Necropolis.

The CREATURE wheezes spasmodically, then slowly reaches out to touch her nude breasts...

The CHANTING PEAKS, obscure and almost indecipherable. They are the harbingers of death...

CHANTING
Killherkillherkillherkillherkillher...

84

INT. "DAVY'S" HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

84

It is dark and rather stark. A large number of mannequins "in progress" are scattered about the basement workroom.

Many are covered in a thin, gossamer covering, creating a see-through effect that makes them more than lifelike.

A number of mannequin heads line shelves around the room. Mannequin arms and legs hang by wire from the ceiling. Boxes are filled with pieces of mannequins.

A single work light hangs over a heavy work table like a pool hall lamp. There is a figure underneath a sheet of gossamer covering, the face and nude body erotically defined.

As the CAMERA SLOWLY DISCOVERS the room, and creeps CLOSER to the figure, we can SEE the eyes blink underneath the covering. Whatever is underneath, it seems to be breathing.

From the staircase at the top of the basement, FOOT-STEPS are HEARD. The door opens, light floods in.

The CREATURE, wearing EILEEN mask, enters, carrying the limp body of BECKY.

He takes the limp body to the far wall, ties the arms together with a heavy rope, then ties it onto an iron eye cemented into the wall.

There is a figure standing against the wall with a sheet of gossamer covering draped over it. The CREATURE walks up to it, watches as the figure "twitches" as if trying to move. There is an unidentified mumbling coming from the figure.

The CREATURE reaches out, pulls away the covering to reveal JERRY tied to the wall. JERRY struggles, his eyes wide and glued to the CREATURE.

CREATURE

I brought you a visitor.

The CREATURE crosses to the figure on the work table in the center of the room. He pulls the covering back revealing an attractive TINA HAMILTON, a young teenage girl strapped to the table. He stands over her, his eyes wide and twitching. With uncharacteristic gentleness, the CREATURE bends over TINA and caresses her face.

(CONTINUED)

84

CONTINUED: (2)

84

CREATURE
(continuing)
You're so pretty.

TINA struggles, jerking her head back and forth to avoid the cold hands of the CREATURE. The CREATURE grabs her head with both hands, holds it steady.

TINA
(repulsed)
Noooo! Please, not again.

She turns her head back to the side, breathing heavily, coughing. The CREATURE backs away.

CREATURE
(hurt)
Why don't you like me?

TINA keeps her head turned away from the CREATURE, refusing to respond. He turns, mounts the stairs, exits the basement.

CREATURE
(continuing)
I just want to be liked, that's all.

Across the room, BECKY begins to moan.

JERRY
You okay, Becky?

BECKY
I think so.

JERRY
Where are the others?

BECKY
Molly went back to the Museum.
(pause)
We thought Eileen was here.

BECKY looks toward TINA.

BECKY
(continuing)
Who is that?

JERRY
I don't know. She was already here when that thing brought me.

(CONTINUED)

84

CONTINUED: (3)

84

BECKY

What is he going to do to us?

TINA turns her head to face JERRY and BECKY.

TINA

He's going to kill us... We're
all going to die.

BECKY stares at TINA a moment.

TINA looks up at the lamp, stares at it trance-like.

TINA

(continuing)

I stopped for gas on the highway
... I didn't even see him coming.

Horror registers on BECKY's face.

TINA

(continuing;
trance-like)

He's crazy. He's going to kill
us all.

JERRY

Not if I can help it.

JERRY begins biting on the rope that holds him, actually tearing through the fibers with his teeth.

BECKY

(to TINA)

How long have you been here?

TINA

Forever.

She continues to stare at the light bulb.

TINA

(continuing)

I always worried I'd die alone
like my grandmother. I never
wanted to die that way.

BECKY

Stop talking like that! We're
not going to die!

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (4)

84

TINA

Yes, we are. I just hope he
makes it fast. .

TINA continues to stare at the light, her eyes begin-
ning to fill with tears.

TINA

(continuing)

We're all going to die.

BECKY

Don't say that! I don't want
to die!

JERRY begins tearing fiercely at the rope like a
trapped dog chewing his own leg off to escape a
hunter's trap.

TINA

It's no use. We're all going
to die.

BECKY

(screaming)

Shut up!

85 INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

85

MOLLY paces nervously about the room. She crosses to
the bank of switches and one by one turns them on.
The "wife" mannequin lights up. MOLLY crosses to the
shrine, admires the figure.

It looks very much like a person sitting there than a
mannequin. She reaches out, touches the cheeks. They
are soft and fleshlike.

She picks up the chiffon dress, runs it through her
fingers. She then stands in front of the mannequin,
comparing herself to the wife figure.

86 OMITTED

86

86 CONTINUED:

86

She notices a little toggle switch behind the mannequin's neck. She reaches over, flips it. A burst of LAUGHTER bellows from a speaker located in the mannequin's chest. MOLLY jumps back, startled. The LAUGH is continuous and infectious, like laugh bags sold in toy stores. It is both bizarrely frightening and funny at the same time. MOLLY laughs at first, then falls silent, disturbed by the grotesque moment.

87 INT. "DAVY'S" HOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

87

The CREATURE sits in front of a mirror, painting bright colors on a new mask he is wearing. It is of a very handsome man with a moustache and dark hair and long, thin sideburns. The cheeks are red and there is even a charming smile. But those round, penetrating eyes of the CREATURE peering from the round holes in the mask give the effect of a clown.

He completes the last touch-up, then picks up a tray with crackers, three glasses and a bottle of liquor. He crosses to the door and exits.

88 OMITTED

88

89 INT. "DAVY'S" HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

89

JERRY continues to chew on the rope, making VISIBLE progress. His gums and lips have started to bleed.

TINA's eyes are transfixed on the light bulb, staring without blinking, without expression.

The door at the top of the stairs opens, the CREATURE enters. He seems to have changed personalities, becoming rather jolly and energetic.

CREATURE

We're going to have a party.

BECKY

Oh, Jesus.

The CREATURE steps into the light, revealing his new mask.

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED:

89

CREATURE

How do I look?

TINA begins sobbing, her eyes transfixed!

CREATURE

(continuing)

You'll feel better after a few drinks.

He sets the tray down on the workbench, fills the glasses. He places one glass next to TINA's head, delivers the others to BECKY and JERRY.

CREATURE

(continuing)

Here we are.

He notices JERRY's bloodied lips and the chewed ropes.

CREATURE

(continuing;
disappointed)

Why did you want to go and try something like that?

BECKY is terrified!

CREATURE

(continuing)

You can't get away.

He puts the glass into BECKY's hand, then crosses to JERRY, ties a new piece of rope around his hands.

CREATURE

(continuing)

A toast -- to my friends.

He downs his drink, then crosses to TINA. Since she is tied down, he assists her by pouring the liquor into her mouth.

TINA

No, don't!

She begins to gag as he persists.

JERRY

Leave her alone!

CREATURE

This is a party! Drink up.

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED: (2)

89

BECKY still holds the glass in her hand. The CREATURE glares!

CREATURE
(continuing)

Drink!

BECKY brings the glass to her mouth, sips, the liquid stinging sharply.

CREATURE
(continuing)
Good. Now everyone's happy.

He grabs the bottle, stands over TINA.

CREATURE
(continuing)
You finish this.

TINA
No.

A look of horror registers on TINA's face as the CREATURE jams the bottle into her mouth, forcing the liquor down her.

JERRY
What are you doing?

TINA chokes and gags as the liquid burns through her throat, most of it spilling on the table and to the floor.

BECKY
Please... stop!

The CREATURE removes the near-empty bottle, allows TINA to catch her breath. He moves to the workbench, takes a bucket filled with plaster, pours in a can of water.

CREATURE
It's time. The party's over.

JERRY watches him while chewing frantically on the rope. The CREATURE sets the bucket of plaster beside TINA, pulls out a leather strap from his pocket.

TINA
What are you going to do?

CREATURE
You are so pretty. It's a shame
you have to die.

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED: (3)

89

He grabs her jaw, pulls it shut, then ties the strap around her head. Her jaw is effectively strapped so that she cannot open her mouth. She jerks, panicky.

Her eyes grow saucer-like, a mumbled scream filters through her clenched teeth.

JERRY tears at the rope, chewing, gnawing, gnashing, jerking!

CREATURE

(continuing)

It will be quick -- but not easy.

He begins dabbing thick white plaster on her forehead.

CREATURE

(continuing)

You will die of fright.

TINA struggles to no avail. Her head is securely strapped to the table.

CREATURE

(continuing)

It feels good, doesn't it?
Cool and soothing.

JERRY is becoming an animal in his struggle. TINA grows frantic!

CREATURE

(continuing)

You can feel the plaster getting hard now. It starts to press on your skin.

He puts the plaster on her cheeks, chin, temples, leaving her eyes, nose and mouth free.

CREATURE

(continuing)

It's starting to get hot, isn't it? Funny about plaster... when it starts to dry, it becomes very hot, almost burning the skin.

He puts a handful of plaster on her lips.

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED: (4)

89

CREATURE

(continuing)

You'll start to panic as I seal
the lips.

TINA heaves her shoulders, struggling hopelessly.

CREATURE

(continuing)

And now the eyes.

He drops blobs of plaster into her eyes.

CREATURE

(continuing)

Your face is burning now! The
plaster tight around your face.
Your world is dark. You will
never see again. It's getting
hard to breathe, isn't it?

TINA heaves her chest unnaturally as she fights for
air. Her face is completely covered in plaster except
for two small nostril openings. The AIR WHEEZES as it
is forced in and out of the small passages.

CREATURE

(continuing)

I'm going to seal the last
openings -- one by one. You
won't be able to breathe.

A shudder rushes through TINA and a faint MUMBLE comes
from under the plaster mask.

CREATURE

(continuing)

But you won't suffocate.

There is a strange, expectant silence.

CREATURE

(continuing)

Your heart will burst from fright
before you lose consciousness.

He drops the last two handfuls of plaster over her
nostrils. TINA squirms, jerks, struggles futilely.
Then, in a sudden jerking upheaval, her chest expands
and almost explodes, then falls limp on the table. A
moment and a passing twitch ripples through her body.
She is dead.

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED: (5)

89

CREATURE

(continuing)

Now you are one of us --

The CREATURE turns slightly. Like a trapped wild animal suddenly free, JERRY leaps through the air, landing on top of him, screaming fiercely.

JERRY

Ahhhhhhhhhhh!

They both fall to the ground and struggle. JERRY momentarily has the CREATURE on his back, manages to grab a heavy mallet and is about to deliver a crushing blow when the CREATURE reaches up and stops JERRY's arm with his hand. The CREATURE then reaches up with his other hand and with seemingly little effort grabs JERRY by the chin and literally throws him up against the nearby wall with such force that JERRY is momentarily stunned.

The CREATURE slowly rises and walks toward JERRY menacingly. He places his hand around JERRY's neck and effortlessly lifts him off the ground with a single hand. It is a display of extraordinary strength. The CREATURE begins laughing, as the CAMERA MOVES BACK TO REVEAL JERRY four feet off the ground, squirming helplessly, pinned to the wall by the hand of the CREATURE.

90

INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

90

MOLLY is at the window, hands cupped over her eyes, trying to see out. She takes her hands down, turns, paces across the room, arms folded nervously.

Suddenly, the PHONE RINGS. It is loud, crisp and sharp. Startled, MOLLY stops, faces the phone. It RINGS FOUR MORE TIMES before she moves to answer it.

MOLLY

Hello.

(pause)

Hello.

She receives no answer.

MOLLY

(continuing)

Hello!

She puts the phone back on the receiver, grabs the telephone wire, proceeds to follow it to the end.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

After about four or five feet, she comes to the end...
a disconnected, frayed wire.

Without hesitation, MOLLY drops the wire and promptly
exits! After she leaves, the light over the wife
comes on and RECORDED LAUGHTER begins.

91 INT. "DAVY'S" HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

90

JERRY is chained with padlock around one of the work-
bench legs.

The CREATURE stands above him at the workbench. He
takes an egg-white plaster impression of TINA's face
and places it on a wooden staff. The wretched agony
of death is recorded in the expression of the face.
It is a look that only misses a scream to complete
the horror.

He crosses the room, picks up a box of paints, re-
turns to the workbench. He slides the heavy box on
top of the table, accidentally knocks the key to the
floor. JERRY spots it. BECKY watches from across
the room.

CREATURE

She's a pretty girl.

He paints the lip a bright blood-red.

CREATURE

(continuing)

My brother didn't know about
her. I kept her hidden here
so he couldn't find her.

JERRY looks around, looking for a way to retrieve
the key.

CREATURE

(continuing)

He doesn't know much, my brother.
He's kinda stupid!

He changes brushes, begins painting the eyes.

CREATURE

(continuing)

All he cares about is that
stupid museum of his.

JERRY stretches his right leg out, reaches an apple
box, starts pulling it towards him, very slowly, so
that the CREATURE doesn't notice.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

CREATURE

(continuing)

I hate him and one day I'm going to get rid of him. He should let me go to the city. I could work for the wax museum. He should let me go!

He takes out a pick, punches holes in the pupils of the mask.

JERRY manages to pull the box to him, then switches legs and pushes it towards the shiny key.

CREATURE

(continuing)

I hate him. He makes me wear these stupid masks. You know why?

He stops painting, looks down at JERRY on the floor. He stops pushing the box, looks up.

CREATURE

(continuing)

You know why?

He shakes his head.

CREATURE

(continuing)

Because I'm handsome. I'm better looking than he is. He doesn't want his wife to see how good looking I am. He thinks she'll fool around with me. He doesn't know anything!

He goes back to painting. JERRY continues pushing the box, inch by creeping inch.

CREATURE

(continuing)

He thinks I stay here all the time. He doesn't know what I really do. He doesn't know at all. I go out. People don't come here anymore so I have to go out to the highway. The gas station is perfect. That's where I got Tina. She's so pretty.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (2)

91

Without turning to look at JERRY, the CREATURE widens his eyes, concentrates. The "TELEKINEPHONY" BEGINS. The key slowly slides just out of JERRY's reach. He looks at the key, then up to the CREATURE.

CREATURE

(continuing)

Pretty good trick, huh? My brother doesn't like me to do that stuff. He pretends he doesn't even know about my power.

JERRY and BECKY listen to him, understanding for the first time the magnitude of their nightmare.

CREATURE

(continuing)

But it feels good when I use it. I shouldn't have to hide it.

(growing angry)

I mean, I can control it! I can! I shouldn't have to hide it! It feels good!

He looks down at JERRY.

CREATURE

(continuing)

It scares me. Sometimes I don't know what I'm doing.

He holds up the staff with the painted face for BECKY and JERRY to see.

CREATURE

(continuing)

Isn't she pretty?

It is brightly painted and grotesque. BECKY turns her head away, disgusted!

92 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

92

A flashlight flickers in the distance. It is dark, the clouds periodically covering the moon. From the crisp SOUNDS piercing the air, it's clear the animals of the night are out in full force.

We HEAR the FOOTSTEPS of the figure with the flashlight which shines from side to side. The light is turned off. A COYOTE HOWLS at the hidden moon. The light comes on again.

(CONTINUED)

92

CONTINUED:

92

MOLLY
Who's there? Becky?

Silence.

MOLLY
(continuing)
Is that you?

No response.

MOLLY
(continuing)
Eileen?

She heads toward "Davy's" house. There is a NOISE from the woods.

MOLLY
(continuing)
Who's there?

More SOUNDS from the brush.

MOLLY
(continuing)
Somebody's there, I can hear you!

There is no response but FOOTSTEPS in the brush are distinctly HEARD. MOLLY pans the light.

MOLLY
(continuing)
Hey, you guys, quit fooling around with me.

She flashes the light on an old tree. Suddenly, something steps into the light. Standing there like a small boy is the CREATURE, wearing the doll mask.

MOLLY is too frightened to scream. There is a moment of silence, then the CREATURE slowly raises the mechanical mannequin head of WOODY. The mouth is agape and the eyes are clipped wide open. He holds it by the tuft of hair like a proud savage cannibal!

CREATURE
(childlike)
See my friend?

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

92

MOLLY drops the flashlight, turns and runs. She runs and runs and runs and runs! The CREATURE follows right behind her.

CREATURE
(continuing)
Wait, little girl!

93 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

93

MOLLY flees through the woods, tearing and scraping her body in the process.

94 EXT. MORE WOODS - NIGHT

94

The CREATURE pursues, lumbering, moaning, breathing heavier and heavier.

95 EXT. WOODS - BARBED-WIRE FENCE - NIGHT

95

MOLLY is running full speed through the dark when she runs smack into a barbed-wire fence. She is partially, painfully impaled on dozens of little barbs.

MOLLY
(painfully)
Oh, God!

CREATURE (O.S.)
Little girl, little girl!

Frantically, MOLLY pulls herself free from the barbs, climbs over the fence and continues running.

96 EXT. MORE WOODS - NIGHT

96

MOLLY appears over a hill, trips, tumbles down, picks herself up, runs to a nearby tree, old and leafless, long ago dead. She leans up against it to catch her breath. A strange SOUND stops her breathing. She remains deathly silent, listening.

Suddenly, the CREATURE pops out from behind the tree, holding the bloody head of WOODY over her.

CREATURE
See my friend, see my friend.

He laughs insanely. MOLLY stands and runs, the mad chase continuing.

- | | | |
|-----|--|-----|
| 97 | EXT. WOODS - NIGHT | 97 |
| | MOLLY runs wildly. | |
| 98 | EXT. MORE WOODS - NIGHT | 98 |
| | The CREATURE pursues, carrying the mannequin head like a prize pumpkin. | |
| 99 | EXT. WOODS - NIGHT | 99 |
| | MOLLY running, falling, screaming. | |
| 100 | EXT. MORE WOODS - NIGHT | 100 |
| | The CREATURE follows stubbornly. | |
| 101 | EXT. RAVINE - NIGHT | 101 |
| | MOLLY tumbles blindly down into a ravine. She gets to her feet, appears dazed. | |

102 EXT. TOP OF RAVINE - NIGHT 102

The CREATURE stops at the edge of the ravine, looks down.

CREATURE
Little girl!

103 EXT. BOTTOM OF RAVINE - NIGHT 103

MOLLY looks up, starts to back away from the terrifying sight.

104 EXT. TOP OF RAVINE - NIGHT 104

CREATURE
Don't go away, little girl.

105 EXT. BOTTOM OF RAVINE - NIGHT 105

MOLLY continues to back away.

106 EXT. TOP OF RAVINE - NIGHT 106

The CREATURE follows her along the ravine's edge.

CREATURE
Stop, little girl.

107 EXT. BOTTOM OF RAVINE - NIGHT 107

MOLLY turns and starts to run.

108 EXT. TOP OF RAVINE - NIGHT 108

The CREATURE tries to keep up with her.

CREATURE
(angry)
Stop running away, little girl.

He comes to a clump of bushes that block his way. In desperation, he throws the head at MOLLY.

109 EXT. BOTTOM OF RAVINE - NIGHT 109

MOLLY is running at full speed.

(CONTINUED)

- 109 CONTINUED: 109
- The head bounces down the side of the ravine, landing just in front of her. She freezes, stopping dead still, her hands cover her mouth to silence her horror.
- 110 THE CREATURE 110
- widens his eyes, building his power.
- 111 WOODY'S HEAD 111
- slowly rotates on the ground, its mouth falls open, a horrible hissing sound bellows out. MOLLY screams, then continues her flight from death...
- 112 EXT. RAVINE - NIGHT 112
- There is a small, shallow stream slicing through the gulch. MOLLY splashes through it wildly, kicking up huge sprays of water. She trips, lands face down in the stream. For a moment, she doesn't move. Then, like a wounded whale, she rolls over on her back, letting the water ripple over her body.
- The CRY of a hungry COYOTE prods her out of the water, reminding her of the present danger.
- 113 EXT. RAVINE - ANOTHER PART - NIGHT 113
- A rotted tree has fallen across the ravine. As MOLLY bends to crawl under it, she reaches out to grab a branch for support. Much to her surprise, the branch is a dangling snake. She jerks her hand away, the snake slips into the water and wiggles away.
- 114 EXT. GULCH - NIGHT 114
- MOLLY runs along the river bottom. She is haggard, tired and about to collapse. She reaches a small wooden bridge that crosses over the ravine. She climbs up the trestle, reaches the road.
- 115 EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT 115
- In the distance, two headlights appear. MOLLY runs in that direction, waving her arms frantically.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

A pickup truck stops in front of her. She stumbles to the passenger side, leans in the window screaming!

MOLLY

Help me...

It is Slausen at the wheel.

SLAUSEN

Good lord, girl, what's the matter?

Molly opens the door, falls into the seat.

116 INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

116

MOLLY

It's trying to kill me... get us out of here... hurry!

Slausen steps on the gas!

SLAUSEN

What happened to you? What's the matter?

MOLLY

This... this 'thing' is out there. He...

She begins sobbing.

SLAUSEN

It's all right, hon, I'll take care of you. You're safe with me!

Slausen puts his arm around her, holds her comforting.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

Was it an animal did this to you?

Molly looks up, speaks through her tears.

MOLLY

No, it was some kind of terrible man. He... he carried... he was holding Woody's head... he killed him!

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

Molly begins trembling in cold horror, suddenly silent, unable to cry anymore. Slausen brings the truck to a quick stop.

SLAUSEN

A man you say?

MOLLY

(nodding)

Yes. He was horrible looking!

SLAUSEN

You say he killed Woody? Who is Woody?

MOLLY

Eileen's boyfriend. The guy we were looking for.

SLAUSEN

What did this thing look like?

MOLLY

He was wearing... some kind of mask...

SLAUSEN

Oh, dear God!

He lowers his head onto the steering wheel. There is a moment of silence. Then he raises his head, looks to Molly.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

That man is my brother.

Molly freezes! She edges closer to the door, placing her hand on the door handle.

MOLLY

You were hiding him, weren't you?

SLAUSEN

You don't understand. He's never hurt anyone before.

MOLLY

He killed Woody! And maybe the others too for all we know.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (2)

116

SLAUSEN

I only wanted to protect him.
To take care of him. He's my
brother!

Silence.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

It's not his fault he's the way
he is.

MOLLY is looking out the window, becoming worried,
watching for the CREATURE.

MOLLY

We have to get the police.

SLAUSEN reacts.

MOLLY

(continuing)

I'm sorry -- but we have to!

SLAUSEN

Maybe I better find him first
-- bring him in myself.

MOLLY grabs him by the arm, tightens.

MOLLY

No! He's too dangerous.

SLAUSEN starts up the truck, begins driving again.

MOLLY

(continuing)

Look, Mr. Slausen. He needs
help.

Silence.

SLAUSEN

Maybe I should have gotten
help for him years ago. Maybe
he'd been better off?

(pause)

What mask was he wearing?

MOLLY

It looked like a doll face.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (3)

116

SLAUSEN

He's trying to look like me when I was a little boy. He's always wanted to be like me.

MOLLY

Why?

SLAUSEN

I'm his big brother. He wanted everything I had. Including my face.

Silence.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

Look, I'm going to stop by the house and turn on the radio. He always comes to the radio.

Molly becomes panicky.

MOLLY

No! I won't go there. He'll kill us.

SLAUSEN

I don't want them to shoot him down like an animal. I just want to get him to the house so I'll know where to find him when I get back with the police.

Molly looks at Slausen, shaking in fear.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

All I'm going to do is turn on the radio. You don't even have to come in.

Like a small child, Molly leans her head up against the cold glass of the window, stares out into the darkness of the deadly night.

MOLLY

I'm scared. I just want to go home and sleep forever.

117 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

117

The truck travels along the highway, heading to an unsure destiny.

118 EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

118

The porch lights are on, the house appears empty. Inside, the lights are on.

In the distance, the pickup approaches. It pulls to a stop outside the front.

MOLLY

I'm coming with you.

SLAUSEN

I'll only be a second. Just going to set the radio in the window and turn it on.

MOLLY

I'm scared. He's out there somewhere.

SLAUSEN takes down the shotgun from the gun rack on the back window, gets out of the truck.

SLAUSEN

Hop out.

MOLLY opens the door, steps out of the truck. SLAUSEN comes around the front, loads the shotgun, then hands it to her.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

Here. You see anybody not invited, point this at 'em. They'll leave.

She takes the heavy gun, holds it awkwardly.

MOLLY

I don't know how to shoot.

SLAUSEN

Just point and pull the trigger.

(he points to
shotgun)

That thing'll do the rest.

SLAUSEN heads for the house.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

MOLLY

Please hurry!

SLAUSEN enters the house. MOLLY watches after him, then looks around nervously. The SOUNDS of the NIGHT grow LOUDER and LOUDER.

119 EXT. AREA AROUND MUSEUM - NIGHT

119

It is dark and foreboding, the kind of place you don't want to be standing near even if there wasn't a CREATURE running loose.

120 EXT. FRONT OF MUSEUM - NIGHT

120

With the gun butt tucked up under her arm, MOLLY stands shivering. She looks towards the house.

121 EXT. MUSEUM PORCH - NIGHT

121

There is no apparent movement inside the house. SLAUSEN is nowhere to be seen.

122 EXT. FRONT OF MUSEUM

122

She waits, SLAUSEN has been gone a beat too long.

MOLLY

(calling out)

Mr. Slausen.

There is no response. MOLLY tightens, levels the shotgun.

MOLLY

(continuing; louder)

Mr. Slausen, are you coming?

Still no response. MOLLY looks quickly over her shoulder, to her side, then out into the night and finally back to the museum.

MOLLY

(continuing; loud)

Mr. Slausen, did you hear me!

From the woods, she hears some TWIGS BREAK. She wheels the gun around in that direction, stiffens with fright! She waits, but sees nothing.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

MOLLY
(continuing; in
a whisper)
Please, Mr. Slausen.

No response. She nervously looks all around her, beginning to hear sounds that aren't there, sounds generated by a stimulated imagination. She slowly backs towards the museum, taking a few steps then stopping, looking over her shoulder toward the museum.

MOLLY
(continuing)
Mr. Slausen?

No response. At that moment, she hears the RADIO from the museum, and breathes a sigh of relief.

MOLLY
(continuing)
Thank God!
(calling out)
Come on, Mr. Slausen, let's go!
Please!

She backs closer and closer towards the museum, keeping her eyes glued to the hidden dangers of night.

Suddenly, from behind her, the CREATURE charges! He makes a blood-curdling MOAN. MOLLY screams, backs up toward the truck. She levels the shotgun!

MOLLY
(continuing;
screaming)
Mr. Slausen! Mr. Slausen!

The CREATURE comes at her in a fury! MOLLY levels the shotgun at him and FIRES. The night lights up with the flash. The CREATURE stops, then staggers forward. MOLLY FIRES the second barrel and the CREATURE stops, drops to his knees, clutching at his chest.

CREATURE
(sadly)
Little girl.

He stands there stunned, unmoving. Then, a low laughter begins. It is a soft and sinister laugh, gradually building in volume.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (2)

122

CREATURE

(continuing)

Bang, bang. Little girl just
shot me with blanks!

He ROARS with laughter. MOLLY looks incredulously at
the shotgun, then back to the CREATURE.

CREATURE

(continuing)

Bang, bang. You're dead, you're
dead.

The CREATURE starts to get up when MOLLY flips the
shotgun around, grabs onto the barrel and swings at
the CREATURE, striking him across the face. The mask
shatters, the CREATURE falls backwards. MOLLY is near
hysterics, screaming-crying in terror.

The CREATURE lies face-up in front of MOLLY, slowly
reviving. She looks closely at his face, then brings
her hands to her mouth sucking in a breath of shock.
The bloody face belongs to none other than SLAUSEN.

MOLLY

You!

MOLLY turns and runs wildly into the woods toward the
pond and her last salvation: JERRY and the jeep.

123 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

123

Molly runs and runs and runs.

MOLLY

Jerry! Jerry!

124 EXT. MORE WOODS - NIGHT

124

She runs faster and faster, blindly tearing through the
thick brush.

125 EXT. MORE WOODS - NIGHT

125

Finally, she collapses on the ground in a small clear-
ing, breathing heavily in exhaustion.

MOLLY

Please... be there, Jerry.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

There is a RUSTLING in the nearby BUSHES. MOLLY sits up sharply, listens. The SOUND is REPEATED. MOLLY gets to her feet, runs like hell!

126 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

126

More running, blind and wild.

127 EXT. SPRINGS - NIGHT

127

MOLLY reaches the pool.

MOLLY

Jerry! Where are you?

No response.

MOLLY

(continuing)

Oh, please be here. Jerry!

She reaches the spot where the jeep was. It is now gone. MOLLY looks devastated. There is a RUSTLING nearby. She ducks through the trees, drops to the ground.

The SOUND is REPEATED. Slowly, she eases toward the water, slips in, takes refuge. She is up to her neck in the water, hiding behind a partially submerged rock. The SOUND in the BUSHES GROWS LOUDER, coming closer and closer... straight for MOLLY. Her eyes are filled with terror.

127-1 EXT. SPRINGS (INSERT)

127-

From the bushes an armadillo emerges, rustling as he goes.

127 RESUME EXT. SPRINGS - NIGHT

127

Greatly relieved, MOLLY stands up, wades toward shore... almost laughing.

It is at this point that SLAUSEN shoots from the water, lunging at MOLLY, an apparition from hell.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

They struggle in the water, splashing wildly, an out-and-out, life-or-death battle. SLAUSEN grabs her by the hair, pushes her head under the water, holding it under for a long moment, then bringing her back up. She gasps desperately for breath. No sooner does he bring her up than he pushes her back down again.

He holds her under the water until the struggling stops and the water settles. The CAMERA HOLDS on the water which has now become a black liquid hell!

128 INT. "DAVY'S" HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

128

JERRY and BECKY are still bound. BECKY sifts through a pile of metal tools, scraps, and miscellaneous parts with her foot.

JERRY continues to eat at the rope, trying to chew his way free.

BECKY uncovers what looks to be the blade from a hacksaw.

BECKY

Jerry! Look.

She manages to pull the blade closer to her with her foot. JERRY looks over.

JERRY

What is it?

BECKY

I think it's a saw blade...

JERRY

Try to slide it over...

BECKY carefully positions herself, then shoves the blade across the floor with her foot. JERRY manages to pick it up with the aid of his feet, then transfers it to his hands. Awkwardly, he begins to saw through the table leg.

JERRY

I'll get us out, Bec...

129 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

129

A single candle still burns, now almost melted to the plate on the table.

The EILEEN MANNEQUIN sits slumped over the chair.

From the attic trap door, SLAUSEN emerges like the devil from hell. His face is gaunt, his eyes wicked. He carries a tray of soup and a black satchel, crosses to the table.

In a single, quick motion, he picks up a male dummy, slings it across the room like a stuffed doll.

He sits down in the now-vacant chair across from the EILEEN MANNEQUIN.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

He carefully slides a steaming bowl of soup over to his companion and follows with a spoon and hard bread.

SLAUSEN

It's nice and hot.

The mannequin does not respond. SLAUSEN stares at her for a moment, almost insulted that she does not speak up. He leans over, sits her upright in the chair.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

There. That's better.

He sets out his soup, spoon and bread. He looks over at the dummy.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

Go ahead.

Silence. No movement.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

Eat your soup.

Nothing. SLAUSEN opens the satchel, takes out a mannequin mask that looks just like his brother (NOTE: it looks like the man in the photo), straps it around his head. His voice is now that of the CREATURE.

CREATURE/SLAUSEN

How's that?

No response. The CREATURE widens his eyes, the "TELEKINEPHONY" BEGINS. Suddenly, the female mannequin cranks its head up, faces the CREATURE, drops its lower jaw open.

EILEEN MANNEQUIN

(recorded voice)

I'm famished! Let's eat.

CREATURE/SLAUSEN

That's what I said. Let's eat.

He reaches over, picks up the mannequin's spoon, dips it into her bowl of soup, pours it down her mouth. The liquid spills out all over the table.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (2)

129

SLAUSEN dips the spoon into his own bowl, stuffs it under his mask and slurps. The following conversation continues with the female puppet dropping its jaw open each time it speaks.

CREATURE/SLAUSEN

(continuing)

Is it good?

EILEEN MANNEQUIN

(recorded voice)

Yes, it's very good.

CREATURE/SLAUSEN

You want some crackers?

EILEEN MANNEQUIN

(recorded voice)

I'd like some more crackers, please.

CREATURE/SLAUSEN

That's what I said.

EILEEN MANNEQUIN

(recorded voice)

Yes, the crackers are very good.

CREATURE/SLAUSEN

Are the crackers good?

The mannequin jerks back BURSTING INTO LAUGHTER, a joyful squeal. Her head rolls off, plunks to the ground. The RECORDED LAUGHTER CONTINUES, the mannequin head lays on the floor with its mouth open. The LAUGHTER CONTINUES on and on and on and on...

CREATURE/SLAUSEN

(continuing)

I got to fix that.

130 INT. "DAVY'S" HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

130

A group of strangely life-like mannequins are seated around a bed like hospital visitors. They are motionless and mute -- but somehow alive!

MOLLY lies asleep in a warm, comfortable bed, the sheet neatly tucked up to her neck. Her wounds are expertly cleaned and bandaged. She slowly opens her eyes, regaining consciousness.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

She turns to the side, focuses on the mannequins, the bizarre collection of lifeless visitors.

She tries to sit up, realizes she is strapped to the bed. A moment of panic rends her face. She struggles wildly, then stops. A strange, helpless gaze sets in her eyes as if she were catatonic.

There is a COMMOTION at the door and SLAUSEN enters pushing a wheelchair. Propped up in the chair is a female mannequin body with its head face down in its lap.

SLAUSEN

(friendly)

Well, good. I see you're up.

MOLLY watches him cautiously. SLAUSEN rolls the wheelchair beside MOLLY, moving several of the seated mannequin visitors to the side.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

You're a pretty lucky girl, you know --

MOLLY blinks in disbelief.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

-- surrounded by so many warm friends.

He indicates the mannequin visitors.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

And look who else is here --

He positions the wheelchair so that the body faces MOLLY directly, just beyond her reach.

SLAUSEN

(continuing; to
mannequin)

Pull yourself together -- say
hello to our patient.

He picks up the mannequin head, screws it on backwards.

He flips the head around, revealing the grotesque rendition of EILEEN.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: (2)

130

The mouth falls open, the RECORDED LAUGHTER BEGINS.
SLAUSEN joins in the mad-laughter.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
Isn't she something?

MOLLY
You're insane.

SLAUSEN loses his smile.

SLAUSEN
You oughtn't to say things like
that. I was trying to be nice.

SLAUSEN strains his eyes, the "TELEKINEPHONY" BE-
GINS... The mannequin suddenly whips toward MOLLY
and HISSES unnaturally, like a male cat facing a
rival. MOLLY retreats a few inches, squeezes her
eyes shut tight. SLAUSEN breaks into gleeful
laughter.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
Let's set things straight here.
You treat me right and I'll be
good to you. I can do anything
I want with you. You can become
one of them.

He points to the mannequins in the room.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
I can oblige.

He crosses to her, rubs the backside of his hand
against her cheek.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
You're a very pretty girl.

MOLLY
Please let me go.

SLAUSEN
(serious)
I can't do that.

131 OMITTED
thru
135

131
thru
135

136 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

136

JERRY saws steadily. The blade finally breaks through, the table leg falls to the floor.

He slips the chain from the table leg, crosses to the key, opens the padlock, freeing his hands.

BECKY is tied up to the wall, shivering with fright and cold. JERRY crosses to BECKY. Frees her.

BECKY

I'm scared, Jerry.

JERRY

It's all right, I'll get us out of here.

He takes her by the hand, starts up the basement stairs.

137 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

137

The basement door CREAKS open, JERRY peeks around the door. JERRY and BECKY slip into the hallway, silently closing the door behind them.

The RADIO PLAYS in the den. The two kids move like dust along the hallway, coming upon the first doorway. JERRY carefully peeks in.

138 INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

138

The CREATURE sits at the feet of an old female mannequin who sits in the rocker holding a pair of knitting needles and a partially completed sweater. He's surrounded by a bizarre collection of antique dolls.

139 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

139

JERRY watches the CREATURE a moment, then glances down the hallway toward the front door, the gateway to freedom.

He takes a step back, then dashes across the open doorway, stops flat up against the wall.

140 INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

140

The CREATURE notices a movement at the door out of the side of his eyes. He looks sharply in that direction.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

CREATURE

Did you see something?

The female mannequin sits rigid, unmoving.

CREATURE

(continuing; in old
lady voice)Shhh! Be still and don't fidget
so much!

The CREATURE reaches over, turns DOWN the RADIO.

141 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

141

BECKY freezes! She looks towards the door, as if contemplating a wild dash. Rejecting this action, she takes four snail-like steps to a group of mannequins lining the other side of the wall. She slides up against the wall between them, joining their ranks. She cocks her head slightly, cranks her arms into a poised mannequin position, blending very well into the group. On the other side of the door, JERRY does likewise.

142 INT. DOORWAY - NIGHT

142

The CREATURE stands in the doorway. He looks up and down the hallway.

BECKY remains rigid, her eyes steady.

The CREATURE takes a few steps down the hall. He stands just a few feet past BECKY. BECKY's eyes turn toward the CREATURE, watching. There is genuine terror in her eyes.

The CREATURE returns to the den. JERRY relaxes his arms, watches the doorway for a moment, then slowly tiptoes toward the door, after signaling BECKY to stay where she is.

143 INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

143

The CREATURE turns UP the RADIO, sits once again at the feet of the grandmother mannequin.

- 144 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 144
- JERRY reaches the door, finds it locked. He quickly steps into the living room, crosses to the window. It, too, is locked. He starts to go back into the hallway when he spots the CREATURE lurking in the doorway.
- In utter desperation, JERRY turns and DIVES through the window, SHATTERING the GLASS in a violent explosion.
- 145 INT. "DAVY'S" HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 145
- The CREATURE rushes back into the hallway, unlocks the door, takes off after JERRY.
- BECKY cautiously creeps to the door, peeks out.
- 145-1 EXT. "DAVY'S" HOUSE - NIGHT 145-1
- The CREATURE chases JERRY.
- 146 EXT. "DAVY'S" HOUSE - DOOR - NIGHT 146
- BECKY slips out, runs in the opposite direction, toward the MUSEUM.
- 146-1 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 146-1
- JERRY runs through the woods, in a wide circle, keeping "DAVY's" house in his view.
- 147 EXT. WOODS - ANOTHER PART - NIGHT 147
- The CREATURE stops, looks into the woods where JERRY disappeared.
- CREATURE
(low)
You can't get away from me,
mister.
- The CREATURE turns around and catches a glimpse of BECKY fleeing into the woods.
- 148 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 148
- BECKY flees through the moon-streaked woods, tearing and scraping her body in the process.

149 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

149

The clouds tear away from the moon and the NIGHT CREATURES respond with loud GUTTERAL APPLAUSE.

149-1 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

149-1

There is a RUSTLING in the WOODS. The source of the noise is unidentified for a long moment. Finally, BECKY emerges from the brush into the clearing, staggering weakly.

She trips, falls to the ground. With great effort, she gets to her feet and staggers on.

150 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

150

BECKY stumbles ahead, collapses to the ground, unable to go on any further. Out of nowhere, SLAUSEN appears.

SLAUSEN

What on earth's happened to you, child?

He carefully picks her up in his arms, carries her toward the museum. BECKY moans, semi-conscious.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

You just take it easy, I'll get you doctored up in no time.

151 INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

151

SLAUSEN carries BECKY to the sofa.

SLAUSEN

There now. I'll get my doctoring kit and be right back.

BECKY is semi-conscious. SLAUSEN leaves the room, leaving BECKY mumbling to herself. She opens her eyes wide, frightened.

BECKY

(calling out)

Mr. Slausen?

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

There is a moment of silence. BECKY tries to sit up.
From the other room, SLAUSEN responds.

SLAUSEN (O.S.)

Just a minute.

151-1 INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

151-

Calmed, BECKY lies back down and closes her eyes.
There is a faint "FLICKERING" SOUND. Neon lights begin to sparkle, light up the room.

BECKY opens her eyes, shades them with her hands.
The lights over the "wife" mannequin shine. Then,
a new set of lights come on, shining over a new
mannequin. BECKY sucks in a silent scream when she
recognizes the new mannequin to be that of WOODY.

BECKY

Woody!

"TELEKINEPHONY" SOUND BEGINS.

The CUSTER mannequin is illuminated. BLACK BART
and the CONFEDERATE OFFICER beside him light up.

BECKY sits up, frightened. There is a mechanical
WHIRRING SOUND. The mannequins begin moving:

A) CUSTER levels his rifle, turns to BECKY.

B) BLACK BART slowly draws his guns, turns to BECKY.

BECKY is horrified. The RECORDING from CUSTER BLARES
out!

CUSTER

(recorded voice)

'Say your prayers, heathen,
you're about to breathe on the
devil!'

The RIFLE FIRES, smoke popping from the barrel. RE-
CORDED LAUGHTER ROARS from the frozen figure.

BECKY stands, runs for the door. It SLAMS shut in
her face, the bolt slides locked. The BLACK BART
figure rotates to her direction, faces her.

(CONTINUED)

151-1 CONTINUED:

151-1

BLACK BART
(recorded voice)
'Smile when you look at me,
stranger. I'm likely to blow
your head off!'

Both GUNS FIRE in rapid succession, creating a virtual cloud of white smoke around the COWBOY. RECORDED LAUGHTER BELLOWS from him just like the other mannequin.

151-2 INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

151-2

BECKY puts her hands to her ears, lowers her head and screams. The combined LAUGHTER of the mannequins is maddening!

BECKY
Stop it, stop it, stop it!

A light comes on revealing SLAUSEN sitting by the bank of switches. He flips several of them, the LAUGHTER STOPS.

SLAUSEN
What's the matter, you don't
like my friends?

BECKY looks at SLAUSEN and for the first time, she realizes he is part of the "trap."

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
Maybe you'll like Cochise here
better.

A light comes on over an INDIAN mannequin. He raises a hatchet in one hand, a knife in the other. He rotates to face BECKY.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
You'll like Sitting Bull. He
doesn't laugh.

RECORDED INDIAN WHOOPING SCREAMS from the mannequin. It jerks backwards, then whips forward. BECKY begins to run. The mannequin takes on a life of its own and turns to follow her every move.

(CONTINUED)

151-2 CONTINUED:

151-

The right arm slings a knife which FLASHES by BECKY, sticking into a nearby post with a loud THUD! BECKY screams and runs toward the back of the museum. The INDIAN rotates, keeping her within his aim. The other mannequins light up, rotate, aiming their weapons at BECKY. She screams into the night.

SLAUSEN looks up endearingly at his "wife" shrine, the screams of BECKY building in the b.g.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

It won't be long now, dear.

He turns all the lights out, the place falls into darkness. The SCREAMS continue...

152 INT. "DAVY'S" HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

152

The room is dark. MOLLY Lays in bed burning with fever, her head sprinkled with sweat-beads. She tosses deliriously.

MOLLY

It's so hot.

What was just moments before a female mannequin now stands and approaches MOLLY, places a wet cloth to her forehead.

WOMAN

You'll be all right.

MOLLY opens her eyes, sees the WOMAN over her.

MOLLY

Who are you?

WOMAN

Your friend, Molly. Try to rest.

The WOMAN pours a glass of water from a pitcher, helps MOLLY drink.

MOLLY

Will you take me home?

WOMAN

Of course. Now just you rest.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

MOLLY closes her eyes, her body shivering with chills. The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the WOMAN once again. She is a stiff mannequin, watching over MOLLY with lifeless, frozen eyes.

MOLLY's lips begin to tremble, her entire body shaking in surges.

MOLLY is asleep, her lips trembling, her entire body shaking in surges.

The door opens sending a shaft of light across her face, stirring her from sleep.

The CREATURE enters wearing a DOLL MASK. Leaving the door open, he creeps to the bedside and sits in a vacant chair. His eyes sparkle underneath the mask as he admires his victim. He reaches over, shakes her gently.

CREATURE

Wake up, little girl.

No response.

CREATURE

(continuing)

Little girl?

MOLLY opens her eyes slightly, then closes them again.

CREATURE

(continuing)

Come on, little girl, everybody's waiting.

He picks her up in his arms.

CREATURE

You're a special one!

153 INT. HALL - NIGHT

153

The CREATURE climbs up the creaky structure with MOLLY in his arms.

154 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

154

A flickering amber glow pervades the room.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

The ATTIC door opens, the masked CREATURE enters, revealing what must be dozens of candles in the hands of the mannequins. The effect is both eerie and beautiful. There is an overall occult quality, as if the CREATURE were preparing for a ritual or a ceremony.

He carefully sets MOLLY on the ground.

CREATURE

There.

MOLLY looks around with vacant eyes. She is lost, confused, feverish, and half-mad. She barely has strength to hold her head up.

CREATURE

(continuing)

You look tired.

MOLLY looks at him sluggishly, turns back to the attic area. Against the wall, a mannequin begins to move. It is only a slight movement, but enough to catch MOLLY's eye. A wave of "delirium tremens" rushes through her body.

MOLLY

I want to sleep.

She closes her eyes.

The CREATURE crosses to a stuffed high-back easy chair. He sits motionless in his chair, watching over MOLLY in a protective vigil. It is almost as if he has become like one of his mannequin creations.

155 OMITTED
thru
158

155
thru
158

158-1 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

158-

He widens his eyes; the "TELEKINEPHONY" BEGINS. The BOLT on the attic door SLAMS SHUT. All bolts, locks, windows, etc. seal tightly shut, making the attic impenetrable -- and inescapable. He closes his eyes to rest.

158-2 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

158-2

MOLLY opens her eyes, watches him a moment. She begins to shiver. Gathering all the strength she can muster, MOLLY begins to crawl toward the attic door, trying her best not to be seen by SLAUSEN.

She crawls among the feet of a menagerie of lifeless mannequins scattered about the attic. They are eerie and cold, monuments of the living dead. As MOLLY slides closer to the attic door, SLAUSEN opens his eyes. He watches her coolly, then slowly widens his eyes. The "TELEKINEPHONY" BEGINS and the eyes of the mannequins seem to come alive, darting in the direction of the escaping visitor.

The CAMERA almost imperceptibly TRUCKS IN on SLAUSEN as he intensifies his telekinetic concentration -- and the room grows more alive. The mannequins are like the guards of the black night. A throat seems to swallow, a cheek puffs, an eye blinks. The mannequins are breathing! MOLLY stops and looks around her, sensing the change.

She drags herself across the floor. Above her, leering with sometimes frozen, sometimes glaring eyes, the mannequins move. Like palpitations, the movement is hardly noticeable. As she is just a few feet from the attic door, MOLLY looks up to see a strange female mannequin staring straight at her.

Suddenly, the jaw of the mannequin drops open and a horrible DEATH-CURDLE BELLOWS forth. Like a call to arms, the mannequins around her drop their jaws and ECHO the macabre SOUND.

158-3 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

158-3

One by one, the mannequins rotate their heads and their mouths drop open, BELLOWING OUT a CRY OF ALARM. With each CUT back and forth between MOLLY and the mannequins, they seem to have moved closer and closer to her. The BELLOWING reaches a deafening PEAK!

MOLLY

Stop, stop, stop, stop...

158-4 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

158--

She looks up to see SLAUSEN approaching.

(CONTINUED)

158-4 CONTINUED:

158-4

SLAUSEN

It's time.

He pushes the mannequins out of his way, slinging them violently across the room, smashing them against the walls.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

Get up!

He jerks MOLLY to her feet but she collapses to the ground again. He gives her support, half-drags her toward the side cubicle.

MOLLY

What are you going to do?

No response.

MOLLY

(continuing)

Please let me go.

SLAUSEN

Don't talk.

They reach the side door. SLAUSEN pulls out a key, unlocks the door.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

Now in.

MOLLY is slumped against the wall, unable to move.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

Go on!

159 INT. ATTIC CUBICLE - NIGHT

159

The room is in total darkness except for the light spilling in from the attic proper. SLAUSEN enters, lights a candle, then pulls MOLLY into the room behind him.

There are mannequins lined up against each of the four walls.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

In the center of the room, on the floor, a torn cotton-stuffed mattress lies pathetically. SLAUSEN goes about the room, lighting candles that are stuck in the hands of the mannequins; the room begins to glow.

SLAUSEN

This used to be my brother's room.

He half-drags MOLLY to the mattress where she collapses and curls up in a convulsion of shivers.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

He's dead now.

He pulls up a chair, sits on it, facing slightly away from MOLLY. It is as if he were talking to himself more than to MOLLY.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

He was a good man. I trusted him. I always gave him anything he ever wanted.

MOLLY

What are you going to do to me?

SLAUSEN

Same thing I did to my brother.

He places a blanket over the shivering MOLLY, gently tucks her up.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

Here. This'll warm you up some.

MOLLY lies wrapped in the blanket, trembling, her eyes unblinking. She is reaching the breaking point.

SLAUSEN takes out a mask of his wife.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

You're not like the others.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: (1A)

159

MOLLY looks up from the floor, stares blankly at her captor.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
There's something special about
you. You'll do fine.

He holds up the mask for MOLLY to see. It is an exact replica of SLAUSEN's late wife.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
Isn't my wife pretty?

He bends over to give her a closer look.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
You remind me of her. That's
why you are so special.

He straps the mask onto MOLLY, then strokes her affectionately.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
There.

MOLLY
Please don't.

He continues to caress her, then bends down and begins kissing the mask. MOLLY tries to struggle, to move away.

MOLLY
(continuing)
Don't. Please stop it!

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: (2)

159

He holds her down while he continues kissing the mask.
MOLLY's eyes fill with tears.

SLAUSEN

Talk to me. Tell me you love me.

MOLLY turns her face away from him.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

Tell me you love me!

He grabs her face in both of his strong hands, forces her to look at him.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

Tell me!

MOLLY

(weakly)

I love you.

SLAUSEN stops, sits up. He looks devastated. He turns to the chair, sits down. He begins to cry, the tears pouring down his face.

SLAUSEN

I killed her.

MOLLY listens, watching him as he speaks.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

I killed both of 'em. Her and my brother.

MOLLY refuses to blink.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

They were whoring behind my back!

He looks at MOLLY, as if asking her to judge him innocent.

SLAUSEN

(continuing)

Whoring in my own house!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: (3)

159

SLAUSEN (CONT'D)
I couldn't control myself. She
and him had to die. I got a legal
right to that.

There is a moment of silence.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
That's what the law says. A man
finds his wife cheating on him,
he got the legal right to kill
'em both.

He has stopped crying now, just stares at the burning
candle in front of him.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
Afterwards I missed her. That's
when I decided to make that
figure of her -- the one in the
museum. I kept her alive that
way.

MOLLY stares unblinking.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
I didn't really want to kill them.
Not really. I just couldn't
control myself. I have this
power.

He stands, begins walking around the room, circling
MOLLY. She watches his every step.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
When I was just a boy, I discovered
I could move small objects... just
by thinking about it. It scared me
at first. But it always felt so
good. It was fun, just a game.
But I knew I was different. I knew
they would do something to me if
they found out I had this power.
I was afraid they'd lock me up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: (4)

159

SLAUSEN (CONT'D)
So, I didn't use it. Ever! I hid
it. Until I walked in on my
brother whoring with my wife. I
showed them.

There is a moment of silence.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
This is my world. I can do
anything I want with it. I can
use my power to do anything I
want and there's nobody who can
stop me. Nobody!

MOLLY's eyes begin to tear.

SLAUSEN
(continuing)
I can't let you go. You know
that.

She blinks.

MOLLY
Please. I won't tell anyone.

SLAUSEN
I can't. You'll have to join
the others.

There is a KNOCKING from somewhere in the house, loud
and forceful.

VOICE
Molly! Eileen!

MOLLY sits up, reacting.. For the first time, she is
renewed with a thread of hope.

MOLLY
Jerry?

SLAUSEN stands, heads for the door.

JERRY'S VOICE
Molly! Becky!

160 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

160

From underneath the attic door, JERRY yells and POUNDS forcefully.

JERRY'S VOICE

Molly! Molly! Where are you?

161 INT. ATTIC CUBICLE - NIGHT

161

MOLLY struggles to her feet, collapses, then tries again. She stands, staggers toward the door, falling but getting back up. She finally reaches the door, looks out, hanging onto the doorway to stand.

SLAUSEN stands nearby, watching coolly. He slowly closes his eyes, concentrates. The "TELEKINEPHONY" BEGINS.

161-1 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

161-1

There is a distinct movement among the mannequins in the attic, as if they are coming alive. MOLLY notices this, reacts fearfully.

MOLLY

Jerry, I'm in here!

162 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

162

The wooden hatch begins to splinter as JERRY sends an axe tearing through.

162-1 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

162-

SLAUSEN watches, unconcerned.

MOLLY staggers out of the side room. She watches anxiously, making her way toward the hatch.

MOLLY

Hurry, Jerry!

162 RESUME INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

162

Like a ramming log, JERRY bursts through the hatch and steps into the attic. He holds a large axe in one hand.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

162

MOLLY
(continuing)
Jerry! Oh, thank God!

JERRY
Molly.

SLAUSEN looks toward MOLLY, then toward JERRY.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

163

He could reach out and grab her, hold her back, but he doesn't. He still looks unconcerned.

JERRY
(continuing)
Come on, Molly.

He holds out his hand for her. MOLLY looks to SLAUSEN, then slowly staggers for JERRY. SLAUSEN makes no effort to stop her. Once clear of his reach, she rushes into the arms of JERRY.

MOLLY
Oh, Jerry!

She breaks into joyous tears.

JERRY
It's all right. You're safe now.
I'm here.

She hugs him protectively, her eyes glued to SLAUSEN.

JERRY
(continuing)
We're going home.
(turns to SLAUSEN)
Where are the others?

SLAUSEN
Others? What are you talking about?

JERRY
Come on, you know what I mean!
The other girls. Becky and Eileen.

He caresses the axe menacingly, adding weight to his words.

SLAUSEN begins to laugh, low at first, then building. MOLLY pushes back from JERRY, slightly facing SLAUSEN. There is a sudden-found anger in her expression, an anger backed up by JERRY's presence.

MOLLY
Kill him, Jerry.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: (2)

162

JERRY

Come on, Mr. Slausen. I'm not
playing games with you. Where
are the girls?!

MOLLY's anger and hatred for SLAUSEN grows intense.
SLAUSEN continues to laugh.

MOLLY

Go on, Jerry. Kill him!

JERRY gestures more threateningly with the axe, taking
a step closer to SLAUSEN.

JERRY

I don't want to have to hurt you...

SLAUSEN roars.

SLAUSEN

You don't want to have to hurt
me... you?

MOLLY edges JERRY closer, pushing him to kill SLAUSEN.

MOLLY

Kill him, Jerry, kill him!

JERRY looks helplessly at MOLLY.

MOLLY

(continuing;
screaming)

Kill him!

SLAUSEN is roaring with laughter.

SLAUSEN

He can't. Don't you understand?

MOLLY looks at SLAUSEN uncomprehendingly. Then she
looks at JERRY.

MOLLY

(to JERRY)

What is it?

JERRY can't respond.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: (3)

162

SLAUSEN

Don't you see? He's one of
them.

MOLLY is devastated!

MOLLY

It can't be!

She looks at JERRY, who stands with frozen eyes.

MOLLY

(continuing)

Nooooooo...

SLAUSEN crosses to JERRY, who is now with a human face again, reaches out, takes off his mannequin arm, smashes it into a thousand pieces on the floor.

SLAUSEN

He's just a dummy!

He breaks into a roar again. JERRY looks helplessly as his body seemingly turns into plaster -- rather like Pinocchio's nose turning to wood.

As a finale, SLAUSEN takes JERRY's head between his hands, unscrews it, then crushes it to dust in his hands, dashes it to the floor. He turns, shows his powdery hands to MOLLY.

MOLLY

Nooooooo!

She backs up away from SLAUSEN, keeping her eyes glued to him.

MOLLY

(continuing)

This can't be.

The "TELEKINEPHONY" BUILDS. Around MOLLY it seems the mannequins in the attic begin to come alive. Some just move on their mannequin axis, while others actually become flesh. MOLLY's nightmare is climaxing. The CHANTING, the horrible ECHOING CHANTING begins to fill the air. With it is the rebounding LAUGHTER of SLAUSEN. It is maddening.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: (4)

162

MOLLY staggers, holding her hands to her ears, trying desperately to block out part of the horror.

MOLLY
(continuing)
This is not happening...

SLAUSEN
Yes, it is. You see it.

MOLLY
Nooooo...

SLAUSEN
They're moving. They're alive.
You're part of it.

He picks up his wife mannequin. He begins dancing with her, swirling around MOLLY in a teasing, taunting ritual dance. The mannequin comes alive in his very hands, joins in his laughter.

MOLLY
(screaming)
Nooooo!

SLAUSEN swirls and twirls with his dancing partner who is now flesh and then mannequin, changing with each turn. The madness builds around MOLLY, the SOUNDS reaching a deafening PEAK. The mannequins begin to surge, move and flourish. The CHANTING PEAKS, the laughter, too!

SLAUSEN
It's no use. You can't get
out of it!

The hysteria climaxes! The mannequins surround MOLLY and SLAUSEN, becoming more and more disfigured with each CUT, more terrifying, more deadly.

MOLLY cracks! She picks up the axe in JERRY's dismantled arm and before SLAUSEN can react, she slams the fatal instrument into the side of his neck, imbedding it halfway through. It SOUNDS like an AXE STRIKING a TREE TRUNK.

SLAUSEN's eyes register an uncomprehending horror. He drops to his knees, then falls forward on his face.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: (5)

162

The room is at once silent. The mannequins are frozen in a stiff death. No movement, no sound, no life.

MOLLY is still, staring blankly at the corpse on the ground. There is a certain insanity in her eyes, dry and vacuous. She has crossed the breaking point.

The only SOUND is that of MOLLY's BREATHING. It BEGINS TO GROW LOUDER AND LOUDER.

The EILEEN MANNEQUIN PUPPET drops her jaw and groans out the repeated RECORDING at a distorted half-speed.

EILEEN PUPPET

More crackers, please...

(CLICK)

More crackers, please...

(CLICK)

More crackers, please...

(CLICK)

More crackers, please...

(NOTE: This continues throughout the rest of the scene.)

As MOLLY's BREATHING becomes more exaggerated, the CHANTING BEGINS again.

The mannequins seem to come alive again, moving in on MOLLY. The SOUNDS of madness GROW LOUDER and LOUDER, matching the volume of MOLLY's heavy BREATHING. The two SOUNDS BEGIN TO MERGE. MOLLY places her hands to her ears to block out the nightmare. In a final reflex of insanity, MOLLY jerks her head back and screams.

FREEZE FRAME on her tortured face; she has reached statis. The SCREAM CONTINUES OVER the FREEZE FRAME, FADING INTO ECHO. HOLD on this... HOLD and HOLD and HOLD...

The SOUND of a JEEP is HEARD as the SCREAM FADES OUT.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

(IN BLACK, the SOUND of the JEEP is still HEARD.)

FADE IN:

163 EXT. HIGHWAY - EARLY MORNING SUNRISE

163

In the distance, the dust kicks up and a dot begins to grow on the horizon. As the JEEP SOUND GROWS, the dot takes the shape of a jeep APPROACHING CAMERA.

Seated in the driver's seat is MOLLY, an insane smile slapped across her face. Next to her, the mannequin replica of JERRY sits. And behind her, the mannequin copies of BECKY, EILEEN and WOODY sit smiling, tied down with rope, bouncing stiffly and bizarrely.

As the jeep flashes by, the windmill COMES INTO FRAME. Perched on top is the lone vulture, fresh blood still clinging to his beak, as he watches the lone survivor disappear in the distance. He is still hungry.

FADE OUT.

THE END